

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1919.

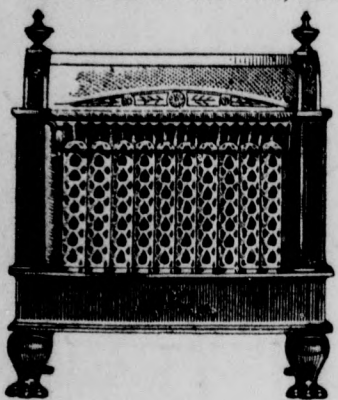
VOL. 14, No. 5.

Lock your Gates and Barns

"The frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock."

GOOD OLD HOLLOWEEN

The crispness in the air calls for some heating device. We carry a full line of gas, coal and wood heaters. If you want results and are indifferent of first cost, there is nothing to equal the wonderful



Radiant Gas Heaters

But we carry very good and satisfactory heaters at much less cost. Let us demonstrate any and all at our store.

ACME PAINTS

There is no better paint made than the famous ACME brand. We believe the best in paints is the cheapest. Durability and appearance for the years to come are the real test.

Sierra Madre Hardware Co.
31-35 West Central

CITY PRICES
OR LOWER

TIME TO SEND Christmas Greetings ABROAD

A long time to Christmas, did you say? Yes, but it's not too soon to prepare Holiday Greetings to go over seas.

For the special benefit of the many Sierra Madre people who send cards and gifts to remote parts of the earth we will place our Holiday Lines on display unusually early this year.

THE BEST EVER.

When you see our line you will agree that it is the "Giftiest" ever shown in Sierra Madre.

Greeting Cards, all styles and prices, from the well known Volland, Carpenter, and A. M. Davis "Boston" Lines.

Gifts from the Pohlson Shops at Pawtucket—and lots of other things will help make your Christmas Gift problem simple.

Woodson F. Jones

PHONE BLACK 75

31 N. BALDWIN AVE.

Odds and Ends SALE

A general cleaning up of odds and ends around the store. Remnants and small lots at prices only a fraction of the present cost.

Corsets, 18 to 21,	\$.69	Boy's Drawers,	\$.35
Children's Rubbers and Shoes25	Boy's Undershirts,50
Baby Bonnets,15	Boy's Wool Pants, 5 to 7 yrs,75
Belts10	Men's Shirts,50
Cloth Animals,05	Men's Black Sateen Shirts,	1.50
Velvet Binding,2 1-2	Net Door Panels,25
Phonograph Needles,05		

A New Line of Velvet Tams

PHONE BLACK 85

J. F. SADLER & CO.

Standard Patterns

Warner Corsets

FAVORS A STEP FORWARD.

The Board of Trade to Sound Public Opinion on Matters of Public Interest.

Today Sierra Madre seems to entirely please nobody. A great deal of criticism is heard, some of which is justified but other which is unfair. One thing seems to be clear, however, the city cannot continue in its present manner. Sierra Madre must go forward or backward, it cannot remain stagnant any longer. All social organizations must either grow or die, there is no standing still. During the war our efforts were bent to one end and Sierra Madre made a record of which each citizen may be proud, but our forces must now be turned into the city's direct good.

There are a number of important problems now facing our city and it will be our solution of these problems which will determine, to a great extent, the future development of Sierra Madre.

A few of the broad minded pioneers gave us the advantages which now makes our city so attractive, but a few short-sighted ones of the early settlers have handed down to us the disadvantages, which to this day work against the greater development of Sierra Madre.

There is no way now known to man, to prepare for all future contingencies but it is possible by careful investigation and study, to plan in advance for nearly every future development. To meet successfully the problems of a city's future growth, there is no single factor of such importance as an enlightened public opinion. After all every step of the community's growth is the result of the direct action of its citizens. Nothing important can be accomplished without their support and in the long run, nothing can be done that is antagonistic to their best interests.

In order to arouse public interest, that our problems may be solved to the best advantage of all, rather than to the advantage of a few, the Board of Trade is taking upon itself the task of determining what the public sentiment is, regarding certain important problems which now confront

Sierra Madre. The method that was judged reliable and capable of giving a real idea of the citizen's wishes was to submit a questionnaire embodying the problems that the Board of Trade believes to be of greatest importance, and allowing further place for the suggestions of each citizen. The value of this questionnaire will be measured by the response which those most interested in it make to the questions submitted. If the response is half-hearted and careless, the Board of Trade will be forced to assume that Sierra Madre is asleep and dreaming of the past and heedless of reality and the future.

The fact that any particular improvement is included among those submitted is not to be taken as a sign that the Board of Trade is committed to the support or opposition of such improvement. This questionnaire is for the purpose of arousing public interest and discussion. The Board of Trade exists to serve Sierra Madre and when the will of the citizens is made clear, the board will do all in its power to bring the desired improvements to completion.

Let every one make a serious attempt to discover how the best interests of our city may be served, that our children and our children's children may find the future Sierra Madre a happier, healthier and more beautiful place to live in because of the things that we plan and accomplish now.

WALTER WRIGHT ALLEY.

A Progressive Oldtimer.

Editor News:

Regarding letter in the News last week, I want to go on public record as in favor of a bond issue for street and water works. I am for progression and improvement.

M. OLSEN.

SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRING

This week is the last of another month and several subscriptions expire on this date. If your address has a lead pencil mark around it, it is a reminder that your subscription has expired and a courteous request that you remit, so that your copy of the News may continue to visit your family. Otherwise the paper will stop.

HE FAVORS A BOND ISSUE.

A Sensible Man Gives Candid Opinion. Reasons Why He Favors Bond Issue.

October 27, 1919.

Editor News:

I am sorry there are a few people who do not recognize the need of city improvements. I see no reason for us to live in log cabins, carry water by the bucket and travel over mud roads as our great-grandfathers did.

Sierra Madre has outgrown its water system. I was told that the citizens of Sierra Madre had all the water that they wanted before I came to live here, but this person did not consider that when I came here there were about 100 houses connected, and now we have almost 700 connections and yet we are still using the old pipe with no additional feeding mains.

Some people fail to consider that the pipes will rust or wear out and we must remember that some of the pipes have been in the ground 30 years and are ready to fall to pieces just as soon as the earth is disturbed. A great many of our pipe lines should be taken up and relaid with larger pipes so as to insure a continuous water supply.

Two large distributing mains should be installed to the centers of distribution so that we would not have to pump against so heavy a friction loss. Then should one of these mains be disturbed or out of commission for any cause the other would take care of the city's needs. When this is being done it is our duty also to install fire hydrants at least every 500 feet or every corner.

With fire protection and an adequate water supply we will be able to get a lower fire insurance rate. We should re-drill our old well (Well No. 1) and install a good pump and booster to take care of our needs in case that the pump in Well No. 2 should have an accident and to carry us over a period when an excess of water is required. I am in favor of relaying the gravity main from the west reservoir to the tunnels and a 10-inch line up Central Ave. from the pumping plant to Baldwin Ave., and relay the old pump line with a larger one.

Our streets should also be improved. I find that the big majority of the people that I meet are in favor of both the above improvements. I hope the city trustees will very soon take some action for a bond issue which will cover all the above improvements.

Yours truly,
W. A. EVANS.

THEFT OF AUTO

A Ford touring car was stolen on Sunday last from in front of the Pacific Electric Railway depot on Baldwin Ave.

The car belonged to William Walker of this place, who had parked it in front of the depot a very short time before its disappearance.

Marshal Udell immediately started an investigation and reported the matter to the sheriff's office. It is the belief of the county officials that the car was stolen by a couple of soldiers formerly located at the Arcadia camp, as the county officers have been following their trail for some time on other automobile thefts.

In the course of his investigation, Marshal Udell learned that two young men, answering the description of those sought by the officers, were seen pushing the car down the grade on

Baldwin Ave. after having endeavored to start the engine in the usual manner.

The car was found Tuesday afternoon by Marshal Udell at a Lamanda Park garage, having been towed in from the county road near Azusa where it had been deserted.

CHAUTAUQUA AT THE WOMAN'S CLUB HOUSE

The Wright Chautauqua System of Los Angeles will present a literary and musical festival, under the auspices of the Sierra Madre Schools, at the Woman's Club House, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday, November 13, 14, 15 and 17. The program follows:

1st day: Oratory, "The Builders of Tomorrow," Edgar Fay Daugherty.

2nd day: Drama, afternoon, Masterpieces and original plays, by The Wright Company.

At night: Original comedies and scenes from masterpieces, by The Wright Company.

3rd day: Afternoon. Poetry, prelude by Miss Colette Duval. Oriental songs in costume by Mrs. Carl Johnson. "The Poetry of Psychology" by Dr. John T. Miller.

At night: Prelude by Dr. John T. Miller. Spanish and Holland Songs, in costume, by Mrs. Carl Johnson. "In a Poet's Workshop" by Miss Colette Duval.

4th day: Afternoon. Music "Songs of the Sixties" by The American Girl's Quartette and Eska Wilson.

At night: Grand concert, vocal and instrumental. The American Girl's Quartette. Eska Wilson in Ventriloquism.

IMPORTANT REAL ESTATE DEAL

The old hotel and sanitarium, one of the old landmarks at the Villa, is to be razed shortly.

This building which is located on a 72-acre tract, up until four months ago, was used as a sanitarium for mental disorders. This building and land is owned by Lyman Brothers of New Haven, Conn. They recently sold the buildings to the Whiting Wrecking Co., of Los Angeles, the furniture and interior decorations were sold in lots to different concerns in Los Angeles.

Thirty-five years ago and long before the townsite of Sierra Madre was thought of, this large building was one of the best known hostleries in Southern California. It bore the name of Sierra Madre Hotel and was patronized by well known easterners. Old registers of the hotel bear the names of many prominent personages, among those who were guests in those days were Generals Fremont, Sherman and Grant.

Within its walls many dances were held, particularly on Saturday nights, when visitors from Pasadena and adjoining centers joined in the festivities.

The seventy-two acres on which the building stands is separated from the Hastings Vineyard tract by Davis Canyon. This canyon is now known as Pasadena Glen and contains many bungalows and cottages.

After the buildings are removed, the acreage is to be subdivided into one to five acre tracts and placed on the market.

When this townsite was mapped out it was named Sierra Madre and the land occupied by the hotel was called the Villa, which name has clung ever since.

Read the Wantads.

THIS MAN SURELY RIGHT.

He Came Here Before the Burro War or the Street Cars. Favors Bond Issue.

Sierra Madre, Cal.,
October 27th, 1919.

Editor News:

Referring to letter received by you on bond issue. The townspeople owe you an apology. They are not running true to form in our beautiful foothill city. That this appear to be the only epistle of this nature received by you is lamentable. You have been sadly neglected, overlooked by many. The traditions of the past are not being lived up to.

An editor who has the temerity to stand for a bond issue, voicing the sentiments of many, who has been complimented for his interest in local affairs and upon his endeavors to start many laudable projects, who has been praised by skilled newspaper men for his column in a local daily, deserves different treatment. You are entitled to a score of letters of a more effusive and vitriolic nature. After all these months of endeavor undertaking a constructive campaign, boosting our climate, encouraging people to locate here and aiding in our civic movements—why, I say it is deplorable. We are not running true to form. We are retrogressing.

You should have been consigned a dozen times to a hotter place than Yuma or Death Valley. You should be featured with hoofs, horns, cloven feet and an appendix. Faggots should be piled up ready to burn you at the stake. Above all you should be the recipient of many more sweet borthery and sisterly love letters. You have not been caled "A public nuisance, an unnecessary noise," or "A stench in the public nostrils," all of which endearing terms were applied to the writer not many years ago when he advocated a reform. Cheer up, the worst is yet to come.

I am for the bonds, because they are needed for water mains, street improvements, sewerage and other constructive measures. I am against a school bond issue at this time, because I have been reliably informed that there are sufficient funds being held as "cash balances," to provide the improvements which are greatly needed now in the school buildings.

Keep up those "anties, howls and blating," Brother Whiting. They are most a propos. I thing you are all right and so do many others here. Sharpen up your horns, buck back good and hard. Do not feel like somebody who said, "The more I see of men, the better I like my dog," because there are many estimable, unselfish residents here who can discuss these questions along broad and liberal lines without the interjection of petty personalities, or drifting into small town chatter. Sierra Madre has grown beyond the village stage and we should have the municipal improvements to put us on a par with other cities of our class.

Yours sincerely,

JACK H. WRIGHT.

266 E. Montecito Roadway.

RED CROSS MEMBERSHIP DRIVE.

In 1919 Sierra Madre has a membership of 1025 and nothing short of this number for 1920 would be honorable.

A dollar a year for such a humanitarian cause is little enough for any resident or citizen to give. May we not expect a complete renewal list of our present membership?

Mr. James E. Sadler is chairman of the Roll Call Committee and has associated with him enthusiastic lieutenants who will see to it that Sierra Madre again proudly shows her colors, by a very large membership for 1920.

How patriotic and loyal if all present members would volunteer renewals, thereby expediting the work of the committee and making them feel more than ever the keenness of pleasure they have in this campaign.

C. W. Jones, Pres.

RED CROSS ROLL CALL.

This the time to renew your Red Cross membership for 1920. For the success of the Roll Call it is urged that all who can will come in and take memberships on the Volunteer Days.

Headquarters will be open for this purpose on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, November 1, 3 and 4, from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m., at 14 N. Baldwin avenue.

If you are a member renew at this place, if not, JOIN NOW.

All you need is a heart and a dollar.

Grass Rugs . . .

We have an unusually large assortment of Grass Rugs from which to choose. Now is the time to fix up your floors for winter. Come in and look them over. Los Angeles prices beat. Make us prove it.

SPECIAL PRICES as long as they last
8x10 Stencil boulder Grass
Rug, Regular price \$12 \$9.50

SEE US ABOUT GAS HEATERS
THAT WILL SAVE YOU MONEY.

Bergien Bros.

FURNITURE and HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

Phone Main 136

87 West Central

PHONE, BLACK 8
FOR

Royal-Yosemite Laundry

Because the Phone at Sander's Drug Store is no longer available, we have arranged with the A. N. Adams Realty Co. for the use of their Phone, Black 8 and our patrons are thus notified of the change.

We wish to thank our friends in Sierra Madre for their patronage and invite others to join the ranks of our satisfied customers. Phone Black 8 and the driver will call.

ROYAL-YOSEMITE LAUNDRY CO.
Pasadena, Cal.

PIECES OF EIGHT

BEING THE AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF A TREASURE DISCOVERED IN THE BAHAMA ISLANDS IN THE YEAR 1903. NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC.

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

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THE POCK-MARKED MAN.

Synopsis—The man who tells this story—call him the hero, for short—is visiting his friend John Saunders, British official in Nassau, Bahama Islands. Charlie Webster, a local merchant, completes the trio of friends. Conversation turning upon buried pirate treasure, Saunders produces a written document purporting to be the death-bed statement of Henry P. Tobias, a successful pirate, made by him in 1839. It gives two spots where two millions and a half of treasure were buried by him and his companions. The conversation of the three friends is overheard by a stranger, whose face is deeply pitted by small pox.

CHAPTER III.

I Charter the "Maggie Darling."

As luck would have it, the loss, or rather the theft of Henry P. Tobias' narrative was not so serious as it at first seemed, for it fortunately chanced that John Saunders had had it copied; but the theft remained none the less mysterious.

However, leaving that mystery for later solution, John Saunders, Charlie Webster and I spent the next evening in a general and particular criticism of the narrative itself. There were several obvious objections to be made against its authenticity. To start with, Tobias, at the time of his deposition, was an old man—seventy-five years old—and it was more than probable that his experiences as a pirate would date from his early manhood; they were hardly likely to have taken place as late as his fortieth year. The narrative, indeed, suggested their taking place much earlier, and there would thus be a space of at least forty years between the burial of the treasure and his deathbed revelation. It was natural to ask: Why during all those years did he not return and retrieve the treasure for himself? Various circumstances may have prevented him, the inability from lack of means to make the journey, or what not; but certainly one would need to imagine circumstances of peculiar power that should be strong enough to keep a man with so valuable a secret in his possession so many years from taking advantage of it.

For a long while, too, the names given to the purported sites of the treasure caches puzzled us. Modern maps give no such places as "Dead Men's Shoes" and "Short Shift Island," but at last, in a map dating back to 1763, we came upon one of the two names. So far the veracity



Then Tom Came Up With My Breakfast.

of Tobias was supported. "Dead Men's Shoes" proved to be the old name for a certain cove some twenty miles long, about a day and a half's sail from Nassau, one of the long string of coral islands now known as the "Exuma Cays." But of "Short Shift Island" we sought in vain for a trace.

"All the same," said I, "the adventure calls me; the adventure and that million and a half dollars—and those 'Dead Men's Shoes'—and I intend to undertake it. I am not going to let your middle-aged skepticism discourage me. Treasure or no treasure, there will be the excitement of the quest, and all the fun of the sea."

"And some duck perhaps," added Charlie.

"And some shark fishing for certain," said John.

The next thing was to set about getting a boat and a crew.

After looking over much likely and unlikely craft we finally decided on a two-masted schooner of trim but solid build, the Maggie Darling, 42 feet over all and 13 beam; something

under twenty tons, with an auxiliary gasoline engine of 24 horse power, and an alleged speed of ten knots.

Next, the crew.

"You will need a captain, a cook, an engineer and a deckhand," said Charlie, "and I have the captain and the cook all ready for you."

That afternoon we rounded them all up, including the engineer and the deckhand, and we arranged to start, weather permitting, with the morning tide, which set east at six o'clock on July 13, 1903.

Ship's stores were the next detail, and these, including fifty gallons of gasoline, over and above the tanks and three barrels of water, being duly got aboard, on the evening of July 12 all was ready for the start; an evening which was naturally spent in a parting conclave in John Saunders' snugery.

"Why, one important thing you've forgotten," said Charlie. "Machetes—and spades and pickaxes. And I'd take a few sticks of dynamite along with you too. I can let you have the lot. We'll get them aboard tonight."

"It's a pity you have to give it away that it's a treasure hunt," said John, "but then you can't keep the crew from knowing. And they're a queer lot on the subject of treasure, have some of the rummiest superstitions. I hope you won't have any trouble with them."

"Had any experience in handling niggers?" asked Charlie.

"Not the least."

"That makes me wish I were coming with you. They are rum beggars. Awful cowards, and just like a pack of children. You know about sailing anyhow. That's a good thing. You can captain your own boat, if need be. That's all to the good. Particularly if you strike any dirty weather. But let me give you one word of advice: Be kind, of course, with them—but keep your distance all the same. And be careful about losing your temper. You get more out of them by coaxing—hard as it is, at times. And, by the way, how would you like to take old 'Sailor' with you?"

"Sailor" was a great Labrador retriever, who at that moment turned up his big head with a devoted sigh from behind his master's chair.

"Rather," I said. So "Sailor" was thereupon enrolled as a further addition to the crew.

"Old Tom," the cook, was first on hand next morning. I took to him at once. A simple, kindly old "darker" of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" type, with faithfulness written all over him, and a certain sad wisdom in his old face.

"You'll find Tom a great cook," said Charlie, patting the old man on the shoulder. "Many a trip we've taken together after duck, haven't we, Tom?"

"That's right, sah. That's right," said the old man, his eyes twinkling with pleasure.

Then came the captain—Capt. Jabez Williams—a younger man, with an intelligent, self-respecting manner, somewhat noncommittal, businesslike, evidently not particularly anxious as to whether he pleased or not, but looking competent and civil enough.

Next came the engineer, a young hulking bronze giant, a splendid physical specimen, but rather heavy and sullen and not over-intelligent to look at. The deckhand proved to be a shakily, rather silly, effeminate fellow, suggesting idiocy, but doubtless wily and good enough for the purpose.

While they were busy getting up the anchor of the Maggie Darling I went down into my cabin to arrange various odds and ends, and presently came the captain, touching his hat.

"There's a party," he said, "outside here wants to know if you'll take him passenger to Spanish Wells."

"We're not taking passengers," I answered, "but I will look him over."

A man was standing up in a row-boat, leaning against the ship's side.

"You'd do me a great favor, sir," he began to say in a soft, ingratiating voice.

I looked at him with a start of recognition. He was my pockmarked friend, who had made such an unpleasant impression on me at John Saunders' office. He was rather more gentlemanly looking than he had seemed at the first view, and I saw that, though he was a half-breed the white blood predominated.

"I don't want to intrude," he said, "but I have urgent need of getting to Spanish Wells, and there's no boat going that way for a week. I've just missed the mail."

"I didn't think of taking any passengers," I said.

"I know," he said, "I know it's a great favor I ask." He spoke with a certain cultivation of manner. "But I am willing of course to pay anything you think well for my food and my passage."

I waived that suggestion aside and stood irresolutely looking at him, with no very hospitable expression in my eyes, I dare say. But really my distaste for him was an unreasoning prejudice, and Charlie Webster's phrase came to my mind—"His face is against the poor devil!"

It certainly was.

Then at last I said, surely not over-

graciously: "Very well. Get aboard. You can help work the boat," and with that I turned away to my cabin.

CHAPTER IV.

In Which Tom Catches an Enchanted Fish, and Discourses of the Dangers of Treasure Hunting.

The morning was a little overcast, but a brisk northeast wind soon set the clouds moving as it went humming in our sails, and the sun, coming out in its glory over the crystalline waters, made a fine flashing world of it, full of exhilaration and the very breath of youth and adventure, very uplifting to the heart.

Nassau looked very pretty in the morning sunlight, with its pink and white houses nestling among palm trees and the masts of its spongy schooners, and soon we were abreast of the picturesque low-lying fort, Fort Montague, that Major Bruce, nearly two hundred years ago, had such a time building as a protection against pirates entering from the east end of the harbor. It looked like a veritable piece of the past, and set the imagination dreaming of those old days of Spanish galleons and the black flag, and brought my thoughts eagerly



"Tom and You and I."

back to the object of my trip, those doubloons and pieces of eight that lay in glittering heaps somewhere out in those island wildernesses.

Then Tom came up with my breakfast. The old fellow stood by to serve me as I ate, with a pathetic touch of the old slavery days in his deferential, half-fatherly manner, dropping a quaint remark every now and again; as, when drawing my attention to the sun bursting through the clouds, he said, "The poor man's blanket is coming out, sah"—phrases in which there seemed a whole lot of pathos to me.

Presently, when breakfast was over, and I stood looking over the side into the incredibly clear water, in which it seems hardly possible that a boat can go on floating, suspended as she seems over gleaming gulfs of liquid space, down through which at every moment it seems she must dizzily fall.

As Tom and I gazed down, lost in those rainbow depths, I heard a voice at my elbow saying with peculiarly sickening unctuousness:

"The wonderful works of God."

It was my unwelcome passenger, who had silently edged up to where we stood. I looked at him, with the question very clear in my eyes as to what kind of disagreeable animal he was.

"Precisely," I said, and moved away. I had been trying to feel more kindly toward him, wondering whether I could summon up the decency to offer him a cigar, but "the wonderful works of God" finished me.

"Hello! captain," I said presently, pointing to some sails coming up rapidly behind us. "What's this? I thought we'd got the fastest boat in the harbor."

"It's the Susan B., sponger," said the captain.

The captain was a man of few words.

The Susan B. was a rakish-looking craft with a black hull, and she certainly could sail. No doubt it was pure imagination, but I did fancy that I noticed our passenger signal to them in a peculiar way.

I confess that his presence was beginning to get on my nerves, and I was ready to get 'fedgy' at anything or nothing—an irritated state of mind which I presently took out on George the engineer, who did not belie his hulking appearance, and who was forever letting the engine stop and taking forever to get it going again. One could almost have sworn he did it on purpose.

My language was more forcible than classical—had quite a piratical flavor, in fact; and my friend of "the wonderful works of God" looked up with a deprecating air. Its effect on George was nil, except perhaps to further deepen his sulks.

And this I did notice, after a while, that my remarks to George seemed to have set up a certain sympathetic acquaintance between him and my passenger, the shakily deckhand being apparently taken in as an humble third. They sat forward, talking together, and my passenger read to them, on one occasion, from a piece of printed paper that fluttered in the wind.

The captain was occupied with his helm, and the thoughts he didn't seem to feel the necessity of sharing; a quiet, poised, probably stupid man, for whom I could not deny the respect we must always give to content, however simple. He was a sailor, and I don't know what better to say of a man.

So for companionship I was thrown back upon Tom. I felt, too, that he was my only friend on board, and a vague feeling had come over me that within the next few hours I might need a friend.

"Are we going too fast for fishing, Tom?" I asked.

"Not too fast for a barracouta," said Tom; so we put out lines and watched the stretched strings, and listened to the sea. After a while Tom's line grew taut, and he hauled in a five-foot barracouta.

"Look!" said Tom, as he pointed to a little writhing eel-like shape, about nine inches long, attached to the belly of the barracouta.

"A sucking fish!" said Tom. "That's good luck!" and he proceeded to turn over the poor creature and cut from his back, immediately below his head, a flat inch and a half of skin lined and stamped like a rubber sole—the device by which he held on to the belly of the barracouta much as the circle of wet leather holds the stone in a schoolboy's sling.

"Now," he said, when he had it clean and neat in his fingers, "we must hang this up and dry it in the north-east wind; the wind is just right—nor-nor-east—and there is no mascot like it, specially when—" Old Tom hesitated, with a sly innocent smile in his eyes.

"What is it, Tom?" I asked.

"Well, sir, I meant to say that this particular part of a sucking fish, properly dried in the northeast wind, is a wonderful mascot when you're going after treasure."

"Who said I was going after treasure?" I asked.

"Aren't you, sah?" replied Tom, "asking your pardon."

"Let's talk it over later on, when you bring me my dinner, Tom."

Later, as Tom stood, serving my coffee, I took it up with him again.

"What was that you were saying about treasure, Tom?" I asked.

"Well, sah, what I meant was this: that going after treasure is a dangerous business . . . it's not only the living you're to think of—" Here Tom threw a careful eye forward.

"The crew, you mean?"

He nodded.

"But it's the dead too."

"The dead, Tom?"

"Well, sah, there was never a buried treasure yet that didn't claim its victim. Not one or two either. Six or eight of them, to my knowledge—and the treasure just where it was for all that. I daresay it sounds all foolishness, but it's true for all that. Something or other'll come, mark my word—just when they think they've got their hands on it: a hurricane or a tidal wave or an earthquake. And—well, the ghost laughs, but the treasure stays there all the same."

"The ghost laughs?" I asked.

"Oh! of course; didn't you know every treasure is guarded by a ghost? He's got to keep watch there till the next fellow comes along to relieve sentry duty, so to speak. He doesn't give it away. My no! He doesn't do that. But the minute someone else is killed, coming looking for it, then he's free—and the new ghost has got to go on sitting there, waiting for ever so long till someone else comes looking for it."

"But what has this sucking fish got to do with it?" And I pointed to the red membrane already drying in Tom's hand.

"Well, the man who carries this in his pocket won't be the next ghost," he answered.

"Take good care of it for me, then, Tom," I said, "and when it's properly dried let me have it. For I've a sort of idea I may have need of it, after all."

And just then old Sailor, the quietest member of the crew, put up his head into my hands, as though to say that he had been unfairly left out of it.

"Yes, and you too, old chap—that's right. Tom and you and I."

And then I turned in for the night.

The pockmarked man proves an interesting passenger and the voyage is far from monotonous

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Statement That Counts.

Do not let the man who says, "This is the year when I am going to show you how to farm it," think that he will have all clear sailing. He will meet wildcats and bears at every turn, and he may consider himself lucky if he gets off with a whole hide. The big thing is to stand on the far end of the field when the harvest is gathered in and be able to say, "I did what I said I would!"—Exchange

The Trouble With Velvet.

She was a young business woman who had a great deal of scorn for the women of her acquaintance who did not work. So one day when one of them chanced to ask her about the wearing qualities of velvet for a dress she remembered and delivered a veiled reproach.

"Well, I like my velvet dress," she returned. "And it has worn well. Velvet always wears well if you aren't too good a sinner. Then it gets very slick and shiny."

Many a friendless man is his own worst enemy.

Even the unmusical fish dealer knows the scales.

Element of Fear.

She was just two years older than Don, who was four, and therefore she thought she had the right to be a mother to him as well as a sister.

As they were coming down the street Don stopped to give a lamp post the once over. An automobile had hit it and broken it off even with the ground.

She tried and tried to get him to "come on," but it was no use, for this time he was going to have his own way. At last, pleading with him like a mother, she said: "Don! Do come on before they blame you."

When a fool offers to back up his argument with a bet a wise man shuts up.

The Effects of Opiates.

THAT INFANTS are peculiarly susceptible to opium and its various preparations, all of which are narcotic, is well known. Even in the smallest doses, if continued, these opiates cause changes in the functions and growth of the cells which are likely to become permanent, causing imbecility, mental perversion, a craving for alcohol or narcotics in later life. Nervous diseases, such as intractable nervous dyspepsia and lack of staying powers are a result of dosing with opiates or narcotics to keep children quiet in their infancy. The rule among physicians is that children should never receive opiates in the smallest doses for more than a day at a time, and only then if unavoidable.

The administration of Anodynes, Drops, Cordials, Soothing Syrups and other narcotics to children by any but a physician cannot be too strongly decried, and the druggist should not be a party to it. Children who are ill need the attention of a physician, and it is nothing less than a crime to dose them willfully with narcotics.

Castoria contains no narcotics if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

THE RIGHT WAY...

In all cases of Distemper, Pinkeye, Influenza, Colds, etc.

of all horses, brood mares, colts, stallions, is to

"SPOHN THEM"

On their tongue or in the feed put Spohn's Liquid Compound. Give the remedy to all of them. It acts on the blood and glands. It routs the disease by expelling the disease germs. It wards off the trouble no matter how they are "exposed." Absolutely free from anything injurious. A child can safely take it. Sold by druggists, harness dealers, or sent express paid by the manufacturers. Special Agents Wanted.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

First Choice.

Alice is an eight-year-old youngster from the southern part of the state and her uncle recently brought her to the capital to see the monument, and other places of interest. The morning after his arrival he took her down to the office of a friend, and introduced her around. "So you came to see Indianapolis," remarked one of the men. "I suppose you're anxious to begin. Which do you want most to see—the state house or the monument?"

Alice looked at him and then spoke truthfully. "Oh, I want to see both of them," she told him, "but most of all I want to go to one of those stores where you get an ice cream sandwich for a nickel."—Indianapolis News.

At the Right Time.

The other night at a local picture show an egotistical young man was giving a very shy, diffident person some advice, which interested the people around them. He told elaborately of his own success and then ended: "What you have to do now is to talk a little bit more about yourself and the things you do. If a fellow doesn't advertise himself who will, I want to know?"

Just then a subtitle was flashed on the screen and every one around the two young men laughed heartily. It read: "A whale never gets into trouble till he begins to blow."

Stage jokes are evidently made of kind words, for they never die.

No man is wise in the eyes of a fool.

Panama Was Outcast City.

Panama is the oldest city on this continent inhabited by white men, and is the great curiosity shop of America. George A. Miller writes, in his book, "Prowling About Panama." Some of the cities of the canal zone are among the cleanest and healthiest on earth, but laziness, shiftlessness and inefficiency are in full sway in Panama. Economic waste meets the prowler at every step.

Probably Panamanians had less opportunities than citizens of some of the other cities to learn advancement in these lines, due to the fact that they were on the defense against the encroachment of conquerors for past centuries, its author says. Not until the present republic was set up, under the protection of the United States, was the city any better than an outcast of the world.

"When a Feller Needs a Friend."

"Paternity has its responsibilities," sighed Mr. Gadspar.

"Quite true," answered Mr. Gipping, sympathetically.

"Only this morning my wife lectured me severely for trying to console with my youngster because he had to practice two hours on the piano when his baseball team was playing another team for the championship of ten square blocks."

A pretty young widow is never amiss.

Love of a man for himself never grows less.

Coffee Costs Too Much

Usually in Money—Frequently in Health

Instant Postum

is a delicious drink, of coffee-like flavor, made instantly in the cup.



Economical—Healthful

No Raise in Price

50-cup tins 30c

100-cup tins 50c

Made by

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY
Battle Creek, Mich.

Sold by Grocers and General Stores

FEEL OLD?

Don't let that bad back make you old! Get back your health and keep it. You can detect kidney weakness in its early stages, from the morning lameness, dull headache, dizzy spells, nervousness and kidney irregularities. Taken early, a short treatment with Doan's Kidney Pills will usually correct it. Neglect may lead to more serious trouble, gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease. Doan's have helped thousands.

An Idaho Case

Chas. Allen, concrete contractor, 1802 Blaine Ave., Caldwell, Idaho, says: "Several years ago I had quite a lot of trouble with my kidneys. I noticed the complaint first when the kidney secretions began passing too freely and were highly colored. Then my back got lame and ached dreadfully. I was in bed several weeks and couldn't turn over without help. It only took a few boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills to cure me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Acid-Stomach

Makes 9 Out of 10 People Suffer

Doctors declare that more than 70 non-organic diseases can be traced to Acid-Stomach. Starting with indigestion, heartburn, belching, food-repeating, bloating, sour, gassy stomach, the entire system eventually becomes affected, every vital organ suffering in some degree or other. You see these victims of Acid-Stomach everywhere—people who are subject to nervousness, headache, insomnia, biliousness—people who suffer from rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and aches and pains all over the body. It is safe to say that about 9 people out of 10 suffer to some extent from Acid-Stomach.

If you suffer from stomach trouble or, even if you do not feel any stomach distress, yet are weak and ailing, feel tired and drag out, lack "pep" and enthusiasm and know that something is wrong although you cannot locate the exact cause of your trouble—you naturally want to get back your grip on health as quickly as possible. Then take EATONIC, the wonderful modern remedy that brings quick relief from indigestion, belching, gassy bloating, etc. Keep your stomach strong, clean and sweet. See how your general health improves—how quickly the old-time vim, vigor and vitality comes back!

Get a big 50c box of EATONIC from your druggist today. It is guaranteed to please you. If you are not satisfied your druggist will refund your money.

EATONIC
(FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

BOYS Clear Your Skin With Cuticura
All druggists: Soap 25c, Ointment 50c. Sample free of Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston.

To Abolish Tomorrow.

A movement to abolish tomorrow is now in order. Among all the things that cause trouble to humanity in general, tomorrow is probably the worst offender.

Nothing happens tomorrow in just the way we expect, and in most cases dread. The time we spend in wondering what tomorrow will do, and in worrying about it in advance, if applied today would fortify us against the unexpected more than anything else. Tomorrow is the most uncomfortable place there is to dwell in. Yet most of us live in it most of the time.—Life.

"CARRY ON!"

If Constipated, Bilious or Headachy, take "Cascarets"

Feel grand! Be efficient! Don't stay sick, bilious, headachy, constipated. Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, your breath bad and your stomach sour. Why not get a small box of Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest laxative-cathartic you ever experienced? Cascarets never gripe, sicken or inconvenience one like Salts, Oil, Calomel or harsh pills. Cascarets bring sunshine to cloudy minds and half-sick bodies. They work while you sleep. Adv.

She Needn't Wait.

Mother was putting Max to bed. "Now Max," said mother, "come let me hear your prayers, or you won't get to go to Heaven with mother."

Max, rolling over, answered sleepily: "Well mother, you go ahead. I come with pop."

High Prices and Low Diet.

Doctor—"It is a little difficult to diagnose your case. Perhaps you have been eating too much." Patient—"Impossible. This hotel is run on the European plan."

It takes two to make a bargain, but that doesn't mean they both get the better of it.

A man may be poor and proud, but who ever heard of a man's being rich and humble?

A kiss in time may prevent nine.

Use **MURINE** Night and Morning
Keep Your Eyes Clean—Clear and Healthy
Write for Free Eye Care Book Murine Co., Chicago, U.S.A.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

BOY SCOUTS AND BOMBS

A circular printed in red and threatening him with "extermination" for his part in the boy scout membership drive was received by Gavin McNab, a prominent attorney of San Francisco.

Others were said to have been received by Associate Justice W. W. Morrow of the United States circuit court, and Frank Sumner, an attorney, who also were identified with the campaign.

The circular accused McNab of recruiting the boys as future soldiers "to protect the flag-flaunting financiers."

One of the most effective ways to fight bolshevism and anarchism in this country is the suggestion: "Boost the boy scout movement." Everybody knows the wholesome Americanism taught the boys of this organization, along with a general system of physical, mental and moral development. One seldom hears of a boy scout going wrong and getting into trouble with the law. It may also be said no one ever hears of a scout who is not a patriot.

Boys who belong to the scouts do not grow up to flaunt red flags and plant bombs. And if they have any influence at home, their fathers and their brothers imbibe something of their spirit of loyalty and understanding. Clearly enough, if all American boys were scouts, there would be mighty few adult reds to make trouble.

START OF SCOUT'S EDUCATION

Scouting is an educational proposition. Its intent is both to help the scout do the thing he likes to do and to do it better and to lead him out into fields of thought and action that its many divisions offer.

Every applicant for membership must pass the following requirements before he can attain the rank of a tenderfoot scout:

1. Know the scout law, sign, salute and significance of the badge.
2. Know the composition and history of the national flag and the customary forms of respect to it.
3. Tie the following knots: Square reef, sheet-bend, bowline, fisherman's, sheepshank, halter, clove hitch, timber hitch, or two half-hitches.

SCOUTS IN THE EPIDEMIC.

One scout in Morristown, N. J., served as an interne at a local hospital for two weeks. He did all the work which is usually performed by a grown man. Another spent the better part of a week at a children's home where the majority of sixty inmates were suffering from influenza. Water had to be carried up four flights of stairs, meals prepared and served and many other duties performed.

Still another volunteered for work with the Red Cross and drove a supply truck three times a week between Hoboken and a soldiers' convalescent hospital at Mendham.

Four other scouts were on duty at a diet kitchen established during the epidemic in the high school building.

BOY SCOUT FARM WORKERS.

Over the field and down the road
The day's toil done;
A song upon the lips of us
To speed the setting sun;
And peace within our laughing hearts
And pride to know that we
Still carry on like true scouts—
(We did our share in wartime,
Our share and more in wartime,
In time of Victory.

Liberty bond and Victory bond,
We did not fail;
And love of country in our hearts
Shall never die nor pale;
And never call but that we heed
For what the gain if we
Should mar the record that we hold—
(We did our share in wartime,
Our share and more in wartime,
And fall the Victory?
—Edmund Leamy in Boys' Life.

SCOUTS AVOID OIL-SKIN BAGS

About the worst kind of a sleeping bag a scout can choose, especially in cold weather, is one made of rubber or oil-skins.

Major David A. Abercrombie tells of a trip through the North in which one of Stefansson's companions used bags made of oil-skin material. When he awoke in the morning he found that the moisture from his body had accumulated on the inside of the oil-skin and had frozen stiff.

And what is more, they couldn't get the frost out of the thing for the rest of the journey! An extreme case, to be sure, but one that points a warning.

CHINESE BOY SCOUTS ACTIVE

The wave of progressivism that has swept over south China has given emphatic impetus to the boy scout movement, which has taken root in other parts of the orient.

Quite recently Pang Mue Chang, a well-to-do merchant, formerly of Honolulu, set aside a large part of his country residence near Canton, as a training school for scoutmasters, who are needed badly in view of the enthusiastic approval the movement has been given there.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

by MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MANDARIN AND WOOD DUCKS

"Well, sir," said the Mandarin Duck, "it's nice to meet you in the zoo pond. I'd rather meet you here than in the lion house."

"Ha, ha," said the Wood Duck, "quack, quack, you're a funny fellow."

The Mandarin Duck looked much pleased to be called a funny little fellow. He was making every effort to be thought so, even if he were not as funny as he might be!

"I must tell you something quite interesting," said the Wood Duck.

"Do," said the Mandarin Duck. "I'd like to hear what you have to say."

"Not long ago," said the Wood Duck, "there was a paper which published many pictures of interesting animals from the zoo."

"Yes," he continued, "and there was a picture of our pond with many of us swimming about."

"What a great honor," said the Mandarin Duck.

"Yes, wasn't it?" said the Wood Duck.

"I do hope," he added after a few moments, "that you will not think I am conceited when I say that I heard that below the picture was written these words—or words something like these."

"Try to get the right words," said the Mandarin Duck.

"Ah yes, I'll get the right ones. I may not get them in quite their right order. But I will certainly give them to you so you can understand them, and I will not give any wrong meaning to them. It was a great compliment paid me and I do not need to make it up! It was there, right in the paper."

"Do tell it to me, I am getting very much excited," said the Mandarin Duck.

"They said, that people should look at the picture which they said was a lovely one, but that they should principally notice the Wood Duck, the loveliest creature in the picture."

"Wasn't that nice?"

"Very nice," said the Mandarin Duck. "Well I've always said you were a handsome fellow."

"And so are you," said the Wood Duck. "I like to have such a handsome fellow for my companion."

"I am honored to think that I'm the duck chum of a duck whose picture was noticed especially in the paper."

"I don't know that it was noticed especially, only the paper said that



It's Nice to Meet You.

people should notice it," the Wood Duck said.

"Enough," said the Mandarin Duck. "That's a great, great honor."

"I am beautiful because I look like you," said the Wood Duck. "I'm very, very much like you, only you're a Chinese duck and I am a home grown duck, or a home duck or whatever it would be called to be a duck from home."

"I have another name, as perhaps you know—I am also called the Summer Duck."

"Yes, I knew that," said the Mandarin Duck. "I do believe it is true that they say of all the ducks in the world we're as handsome as any. Our plumage is so beautiful with so many magnificent colors. We're rather rare too, choice, you know."

"The Mr. Mandarin Ducks and the Mr. Wood Ducks are far more handsome than the Mrs. Ducks of either family," said Mr. Wood Duck.

"True, true," said Mr. Mandarin Duck, "we're a handsome lot, we Mr. Ducks, but the Mrs. Ducks have to be busy thinking of other things and doing other things too. Besides it has always been the way with our families and there has been no hard feeling about it—none at all."

"That's so," said Mr. Wood Duck. "Well, I must add that our family has a good second name for this time of the year—the Summer Duck family. Even when we're called the Wood Duck it sounds nice and cool, doesn't it?"

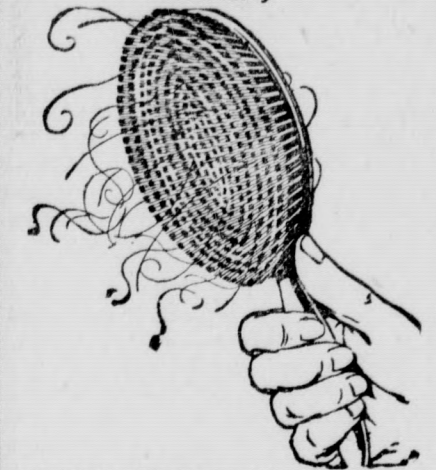
"You've nothing to grumble about," said Mr. Mandarin Duck, "and for that matter neither have I. My family for years have been handsome and I'm no disgrace to them," he ended proudly.

Service That Counts.

When you are making your home a little happier, your front yard more attractive and your back yard neater, and the children of the neighborhood more law-abiding, you are doing the sort of service that counts. Young people make a big mistake if they think of battleships as more closely allied to patriotism than homes, and bullets than smiles and kind words.—Girls' Companion.

QUICK! YOUR HAIR NEEDS "DANDERINE"

Check ugly dandruff! Stop hair coming out and double its beauty



A little "Danderine" cools, cleanses and makes the feverish, itchy scalp soft and pliable; then this stimulating tonic penetrates to the furnished hair roots, revitalizing and invigorating every hair in the head, thus stopping the hair falling out, or getting thin, dry or fading.

After a few applications of "Danderine" you seldom find a fallen hair or a particle of dandruff, besides every hair shows new life, vigor, brightness, more color and thickness.

A few cents buys a bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter.—Adv.

Bookseller's Enterprise.

A Parisian bookseller has found an ingenious way of providing the people of his "quarter" with poetry, in spite of the fact that the price of books has risen to an extent which places them beyond the reach of many purses. Outside his shop he has set up a large blackboard on which he chalks up, every morning, a fresh poem by one of the younger poets of whose works he is publisher. The idea has proved very popular. Every morning students of the Quarter Latin pause before the blackboard to enjoy this literary feast so generously offered without money and without price.

ASPIRIN FOR COLDS

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer



Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Colds, Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture or Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Miserable Anyway.

"I am telling you the truth when I say that I was much happier when I was poor than I am now."

"Then why don't you let your millions go and be poor again?"

"Why, because I should be miserable thinking of the people who got the money."

There is one good feature about breaking up housekeeping; it enables people to get rid of their old furniture.

It doesn't cost half as much to live as it does to make a favorable impression on the neighbors.

WRIGLEY'S

5c a package before the war

5c a package during the war

5c a package NOW

THE FLAVOR LASTS SO DOES THE PRICE!



Both Possible.

"Madame La Mode has the nerve to call her department for young girls dresses a perfect model of style."

"Why nerve?"

"Because it is a miss-fit establishment."

Our idea of a hopeless liar is a person who says he never makes mistakes.

No wise woman trusts a man who trusts to luck.

THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL DISEASES

No organs of the human body are so important to health and long life as the kidneys. When they slow up and commence to lag in their duties, look out! Danger is in sight.

Find out what the trouble is—without delay. Whenever you feel nervous, weak, dizzy, suffer from sleeplessness, or have pains in the back, wake up at once. Your kidneys need help. These are signs to warn you that your kidneys are not performing their functions properly. They are only half doing their work and are allowing impurities to accumulate and be converted into uric acid and other poisons, which are causing you distress and will destroy you unless they are driven from your system.

Get some GOLD MEDAL Haarem Oil Capsules at once. They are an old, tried preparation used all over the world for centuries. They contain only old-fashioned, soothing oils combined with strength-giving and system-cleansing herbs, well known and used by physicians in their daily practice. GOLD MEDAL Haarem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They are convenient to take, and will either give prompt relief or your money will be refunded. Ask for them at any drug store, but be sure to get the original imported GOLD MEDAL brand. Accept no substitutes. In sealed packages. Three sizes.

ATTENTION! Sick Women

To do your duty during these trying times your health should be your first consideration. These two women tell how they found health.

Hellam, Pa.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles and a displacement. I felt all run-down and was very weak. I had been treated by a physician without results, so decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and felt better right away. I am keeping house since last April and doing all my housework, where before I was unable to do any work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly the best medicine a woman can take when in this condition. I give you permission to publish this letter."—Mrs. E. R. CRUMLING, R. No. 1, Hellam, Pa.

Lowell, Mich.—"I suffered from cramps and dragging down pains, was irregular and had female weakness and displacement. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which gave me relief at once and restored my health. I should like to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies to all suffering women who are troubled in a similar way."—Mrs. ELISE HELM, R. No. 6, Box 83, Lowell, Mich.

Why Not Try

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.



Red Crown Gasoline

And STANDARD OIL Products.

SIERRA MADRE GARAGE, Sole Agents.

Milton Steinberger, Prop. Phone Main 110

J. C. WHYTE

Transfer and Express

FURNITURE MOVING A SPECIALTY.

PHONE BLUE 55

148 N. MT. TRAIL

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE

LET US RENT your Furnished House or Apartment. The demand is getting greater.

A. N. ADAMS

Phone Black 3.

22 North Baldwin Ave.

Chicken Feed.

Get your COULSON EGG MASH and BUTTERMILK MASH from us. There is nothing better. TRY IT.

Fancy Rabbit and Goat Alfalfa

Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Co.

PHONE MAIN 50

A. OLSEN, Prop.

97 E. Montecito.

Roofing Paper



Three Grades—1-2-3 Fly in each grade, Ranging in Price from \$2.00 to \$5.50 per Sq.

THE L. W. BLINN LUMBER CO.

W. C. LYNCH, JR., Agent - Sierra Madre, Cal.

Automobile for Hire!

FIVE-PASSENGER OVERLAND

Anywhere — Any Time — Night Calls A Specialty

Rates \$2.00 per Hour

Special Rates by the Day—Minimum for Day Calls, 25c

After 9:00 p. m., Minimum 50c

H. A. BINFORD

N. E. Cor. Highland and Mt. Trail

Phone Black 122

Buy Poultry Feed, Grain, Hay,

POULTRY REMEDIES, HOG FEED, ETC., AT LOWEST PRICES

J. W. STRICKLAND

139 ESPERANZA STREET

Tel. Red 143

NEWS LINERS PAY

Look for the sign

The Red Crown sign signals satisfaction. It stands for straight-distilled, all-refinery gasoline—high quality—every drop! Look for the Red Crown sign before you fill.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (California)



O R GOOD, Spl Agt., Standard Oil Co., Monrovia, California

THE BETTER WAY

Don't waste time in vain regret,
For joys long passed away;
Past joys, or sorrow, best forget,
And face those, ours,—today.

Don't for the, future, hampering
dread
Let o'er the mind hold sway;
Grasp what the, present, gives, in-
stead,
And do your best,—today.

Don't fall in, this, a trial test,
For promotion that will pay;
Great, or small, embrace with zest,
The chance that's, ours,—today.
—A. L. Soran.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

By Mrs. Palmer Rhodes.

The social gathering at the Woman's Club last Monday afternoon, when the members met to listen to Senator Cartwright's address on Americanism, was an intellectual as well as a social success. While we all reserve the right either to agree or not to agree with the senator as to the views presented, we do thoroughly believe in his sincerity and appreciate the earnestness of purpose which impelled him to give out to us, in such a forceful manner the results of his years of experience and thought.

Mrs. F. P. Sperry, who had the program in charge, deserves much credit for bringing to us speakers of this calibre.

At the conclusion of the program, Mrs. F. W. Neutzel and Mrs. Woodson Jones hostesses for the afternoon served home made cake and tea, the serving tables being tastefully decorated with chrysanthemums and greenery.

MASQUERADE BALL.

On Friday evening, November 7th, there will be a masquerade ball at the Club House, given under the auspices of the Woman's Club. Prospective participants of this enjoyable function are enthusiastically planning suitable costumes and many of our young folks, who for various reasons have not been attending the dances, are lining up for this evening of fun.

The directors of the club have continued these by-monthly dances throughout the entire season, furnishing always splendid music and delicious refreshment, for the purpose of affording clean, wholesome entertainment for the young folks, without giving undue thought to great financial results. Nevertheless these things are not attained without expense and while the ladies very much appreciate the patronage of the past, they will be pleased to see the Club House crowded for this affair.

Special provision will be made for spectators and the admission to them will be 25c and to the dancers 50c

A prize will be awarded to the lady and gentleman having the most attractive costume and also to the two having the most comic dress. A thoroughly enjoyable evening is promised.

AT THE CHURCHES

Church of the Ascension

The Rev. Wm. Carson Shaw, Rector Sunday Services.

Holy Communion, 8:00 a. m.

Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.

Holy Communion, 11 a. m.

Subject: "Service in Paradise."

Evening Prayer, 7:30, p. m.

Subject: "Some Things Done at the General Convention."

Saturday November 1st is All Saints Day. There will be a full choral celebration of the Holy Communion at 10 a. m.

Congregational

"A Community Church"

Chas. C. Wilson, Minister

129 W. Central. Phone Green 36.

9:45 a. m. Sunday School,

11:00 a. m. Morning Worship and

Sermon: "The God We Worship."

7:30 Evening Service. Subject:

"The Gospel of Health, or Healing by Faith and Medicine."

Wednesday mid-week meeting. Bible lecture by Rev. Robert M. Webster. Strangers welcome.

At a business meeting of the church last night the pastor offered his resignation to take effect in thirty days. He expects to occupy a larger field. The best wishes of the entire community will go with him.

A series of farewell sermons will be delivered by the pastor beginning next Sunday. The subjects follow:

Mornings:

"THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE."

Nov. 2—"The God We Worship."

Nov. 9—"The Bible We Accept."

Nov. 16—"The Hell We Fear."

Nov. 23—"The Heaven We Hope For."

Nov. 30—"The Christ We Love."

Evening:

"THE FURNITURE OF LIFE."

Nov. 2—"Health."

Nov. 9—"Wealth."

Nov. 16—"Knowledge."

Nov. 23—"Beauty."

Christian Science Society

Christian Science Society of Sierra Madre holds services in the Woman's Club House. Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8 o'clock p. m.

Subject for Sunday morning: "Ancient and Modern Democracy."

Bethany

Dr. A. W. Rawlings, Pastor. 9:45 a. m. Sunday School.

11:00 a. m. Morning Service.

6:00 p. m. Young Peoples Meeting,

7:30 p. m. Evening Service.

7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

Bible Class at 2:30 p. m. Thursday,

at Mrs. M. O. Downs on Victoria Lane

W. C. T. U.

"Child Welfare Work" as planned in the great National Drive now on, was the topic of interest at the W. C. T. U. meeting held last Friday.

In this day of high cost of all food products, the well balanced ration seems difficult to maintain for the growing child unless the mother has made it a study. There will be interesting contributions on this subject at our next meeting to be held in the Santa Anita Canyon next week. Everyone invited.

By Order of W.C.T.U.

NEWS WANTED LINERS

WANTED—To buy a small building for a garage. A. N. Adams. 5tf

FOR SALE—Heating stove for coal or wood. 50 Esperanza. 5*

FOR SALE—Electric socket fixture for two lights. Phone Blue 33. 5*

TURKEYS FOR SALE—Nice fat, young corn-fed turkeys, 45c per lb. 65 E. Laurel Ave. 5-6*

WANTED—To borrow on three well improved homes, \$1000 each. A. N. Adams. 5tf

ALFALFA HAY—Andrew Olsen has just received a car of fancy rabbit and goat alfalfa. Phone Main 50. 5c

FOR SALE—Rabbits with or without Hutchers. Also pullets and laying hens. Prices reasonable. Phone Blue 35 or call at 547 W. Highland Ave. 5*

FURNITURE WANTED — Highest price paid for second hand furniture. Spot cash. Goldberg. Phone Black 142. 171 N. Adams St. tf

FOR SALE—A \$115 L. C. Smith typewriter, latest No. 8 model, very slightly used. A bargain for \$70. For particulars inquire at the News office.

FOR SALE—A pair of New Zealand rabbits, buck and doe, two years old cheap if taken at once. 312 N. Grove Street. 4-5*

WANTED—A competent woman to do general housework and plain cooking for family of two. Inquire mornings at 258 E. Algeria. Mrs. De Balaine.

LOTS FOR SALE—Four lots, 4x135, \$200 each. Andrews and Hawks. 5c

BUILDING LOANS—We have some money available for building loans. Houses built on reasonable payment down and balance like rent. Andrews and Hawks. 5c

FOR SALE—By owner, lot 150x220, good 5 room house, fruit trees, ideal place for chickens. Box 8, Sierra Madre. 5c

Read about the burglary and other news on the last page.

FOR SALE—Two 3 room cottages, modern, large lot 100x175, sell to close an estate. \$1600 takes both. Andrews and Hawks. 5

BREEDING COCKRELS—Barred and White Rocks; R. I. Reds; Orpingtons Minorcas; Buff, White and Brown Leghorns. Day old chicks in season. Enoch Crews, Seabright, Cal. 5-6*

FOR SALE—Good, sound second-hand lumber, no nails. 2x6x12, 2x6x24 and 2x8x24. At half the price of new and just as good. See Mr. Clark at the S. M. Hardware Store.

WANTED—Employment by lady chef and cateress. Will serve for dinners, parties or receptions. Has catered to some of the best families in Southern California, also ex-chef of the Alexander hotel and tea room. L. A. Smith 390 West Highland. 5*

FURNITURE FOR SALE—One golden oak folding bed with full length plate glass mirror, just like new. Would cost \$75 at least if bought now. Will sell for \$35. Also one oak day-enport in excellent condition for \$35. We simply have no room for these pieces. W. H. Holabird, 273 Sturtevant street. 5*

M. D. WELSHER Central Market

Fresh Meats, Vegetables and Groceries

Specials for Saturday Only.

A Full Line of Pacific Coast Biscuit Co. Baked Goods, pkg. .17

Good Luck Tastegood Premium and Unco Oleomargarine.

New Crop Prunes and Seedless Raisins.

A good Coffee at, per lb, .40

A FULL LINE OF FRESH AND SMOKED MEATS.

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables Fresh Every Morning.

FRESH FISH FRIDAYS.

WE CLOSE THURSDAY AT 12 O'CLOCK.

M. D. WELSHER

Grocery Phone Main 6

Market Phone Main 97

Shoes

Good Servicable School Shoes for Boys. Men's Work Shoes. Ladies' and Childrens' Rubbers.

Olsen's Shoe Store

34 N. Baldwin Ave.

HENRY OLSEN, Prop.

Automobile Tops

Let us put one of our famous quality tops on your automobile, before the rainy season. Our prices are the lowest and we insist on perfect satisfaction with every customer.

Following are a few of our Sierra Madre patrons, to whom we refer: W. E. Farman, Chris Shuttleworth, C. W. Jones, Rec Stanbury. Drop us a line or phoneat our expense.

A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL.

Common Sense Tire and Auto Equipment Co., Inc.

34 WEST UNION ST., PASADENA Near City Hall

FOR GOOD WORK

Let J. D. Tucker do your Painting, Tinting and Decorating, Fine Interior Finish Work and all kinds of Sign Painting, Gilding, etc.

J. D. TUCKER, Painting Contractor Established in Sierra Madre in 1888 Phone Green 80 Residence 111 Suffolk Ave.

Prevent Early Fall Influenza

At the first sneeze or chilly feeling, take a dose of Hartman's Laxative Tablets. Delays are dangerous. For safety keep a box handy

The Sierra Madre Pharmacy

F. H. HARTMAN & SON PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTS

25 N. Baldwin Ave.

Phone Black 25

Box and Bulk Candies

FRESH EACH WEEK.

SOFT DRINKS
ICE CREAM

MAGAZINES
DAILY PAPERS

CIGARS
TOBACCO

DROP IN

First Door East P. O. Pettitt's News Stand Phone Green 85

New Service Cars

We have just purchased new five and seven passenger cars to add to our livery service so that we are prepared to take care of all calls, long or short hauls.

POPULAR PRICES PREVAIL

Special rates to responsible parties by the week or month. Calls promptly answered, Day or Night

Sierra Madre Garage

Milton Steinberger, Prop.

PHONE MAIN 110

37-45 W. Central Ave.

New Crop Sun-Maid Raisins

Try a Sun-Maid Raisin Pie—1 cup Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, butter size of a walnut, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 1/2 cups boiling water, pinch of salt, bake in double crust.

Just received: Horseshoe Seeded Raisins and Currants.

Specials for Saturday Only

Nucoa Nut Margarine, lb.	.35
Irish Salt Mackerel, 2 for,	.25
Bishop's National Cocoa, 1 lb pkg.,	.40
Prime Ribs of Beef Roast, lb.	.25
Shoulder of Lamb, lb.	.28

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES FRESH EVERY MORNING.
OPEN ALL DAY ON THURSDAYS.

Sierra Madre Department Store

Established 1887.

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.

Phone Black 12

291 W. Central Ave.

I OFFER SOME VERY CHOICE BUYS IN

Used Cars

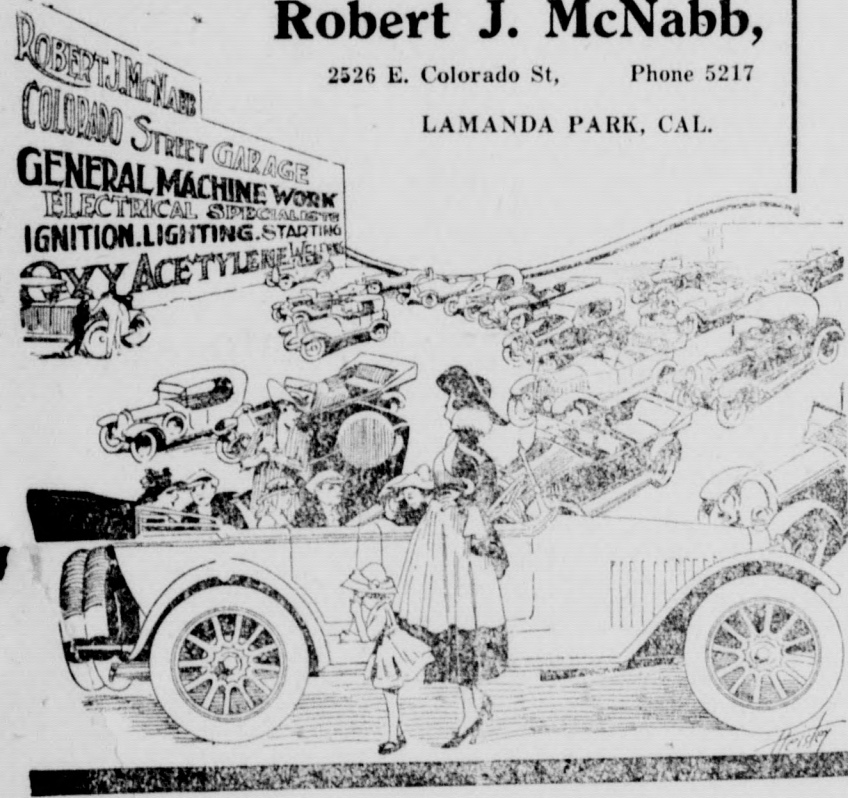
Most Popular Makes On Hand
At All Times Which may be Purchased
on Very Easy Terms, if Desired.

OR—
I Will Buy Your Used Car
And Pay Highest Market Price for
Cars of Late Model.

Robert J. McNabb,

2526 E. Colorado St. Phone 5217

LAMANDA PARK, CAL.



FARM AND CITY PROPERTY

ANDREWS & HAWKS

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance

Exchange 2

27 North Baldwin Avenue

FREE BARBECUE

Big FREE Street Dance
FREE Moving Picture Show

AT

Puente, Tuesd'y Nov 11

FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF SIGNING OF ARMISTICE.

The Soldiers and Sailors of La Puente Valley will be honored in program and will entertain members of American Legion of Southern California. Pioneers of Puente will give special program to pioneers of surrounding country.

Free baseball, football and basketball games. Free program of music and speaking. Free exhibit of Southland soil products, goats and poultry. Free automobile, truck, tractor and implement show. Free exhibition of airplane flights.

The Puente Valley citizens are celebrating the return of their Soldiers and Sailors and rejoicing in the unprecedented prosperity of the incomparable valley in which they live.

YOU ARE WELCOME AT PUENTE, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11

Los Angeles citizens take
Pomona buses and South-
ern Pacific trains.

Auspices of La Puente Valley
Community League.
S. L. Watts, Pres.

News on every page. Read it all.

A lot of new wantads this week and you might find just what you wanted. Look them over.

Mrs. F. J. Sokol has returned to her home after an absence of several weeks at Ocean Park.

Mrs. E. M. Brooks spent last week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Keys, in Pasadena.

Mrs. S. C. Collins of Torrance and formerly of this place was visiting friends here last week.

Mrs. R. R. Hartman has returned home after several days' visit with friends in San Fernando.

Gustav Koch of Alegria St. has established himself in the real estate business in Los Angeles.

C. M. Nomura has had a balcony built at the rear of his store for the display of Japanese goods.

Mrs. H. S. Herrick and children have returned to Sierra Madre after spending a year in Glendale.

Mrs. P. W. Flanders of Los Angeles spent the early part of the week with her sister, Miss Annie Green.

Inquiries for acreage and large sized lots for building purposes are being made daily in this community.

Mrs. Harrison F. Noake of Los Angeles spent last week with her mother, Mrs. L. E. Lyon, on N. Auburn Ave.

Miss Ella Lyons has returned from a three months stay in Richmond, Mich. She is at home at 161 E. Montecito.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sadler, Miss Helen Sadler and Stafford Sadler spent last week-end at Manhattan Beach.

E. Alder and family have rented the Powell house on E. Montecito Ave. and expect to remain for the winter.

Mrs. Cary E. Fagge has rented her house to E. Aschermann and family, and have taken apartments in Los Angeles.

Mrs. F. B. Seeley arrived home Sunday from Lockport, New York, after two months' visit with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Emeline G. Davidson of Santa Monica is spending a week in Sierra Madre Canyon. Miss May Davidson spent the week-end with her.

Miss Marion Vannier left Sunday for Minneapolis, Minn., after spending several weeks at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Vannier.

Next Thursday, Nov. 6th, Mrs. Burton Andrews will entertain the Modern Priscillas with luncheon at her home, 455 E. Vernon Ave., Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Burr of N. Mountain Trail Ave. have returned to their home after an absence of two weeks in Long Beach visiting their son, A. R. Burr.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Thacher of Nordhoff, Cal. were week-end guests at the home of Mrs. Thacher's mother and sister, Mrs. J. G. Blumer and Miss Edith Blumer.

Lou G. Guernsey, formerly a deputy district attorney of Los Angeles county, now in the private practice of law, is spending this week in Sierra Madre Canyon Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben M. Lyon announce the arrival of a son, Ben Malcolm, Jr., on Sunday, Oct. 26th, at the California Hospital, Los Angeles. Mother and son are doing nicely.

Guests this week at Arbavilla, the home of Dr. Anna M. Small, are Mrs. Mary Holmes and Mr. A. L. Wilbur of Los Angeles. O. J. Waggoner and family are expected for the week-end.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. W. E. Walker, Mrs. F. P. Sperry, Mrs. F. J. Hart, Mrs. George Oswald and Mrs. Wm. R. Loes were entertained by Mrs. Lillian Burkhardt Goldsmith with tea at the Brack Shop in Los Angeles.

This being Halloween it behooves everyone to be on the alert. Fences, chicken coops, gates, signs and other inanimate objects have been known to wander and perform stunts. Boys will be boys, and many of weans have been there.

Owing to an error in the wording of the announcement of the next public dance at the Woman's Club House which appeared in a Sunday paper, the impression was conveyed the dance would be held this coming Friday, whereas the correct date is Friday, Nov. 7th.

GIVES SHOWER

Last Thursday evening a miscellaneous shower was given for Miss Gertrude Marsh at the home of Mrs. M. O. Downs. About thirty guests were present and many pretty gifts were received. Miss Marsh will be married in the near future to Mr. A. J. Mueller, who is connected with the forest service in this locality.

ENTERTAINS FOR BRIDE-ELECT

Last Saturday afternoon Miss Marguerite Platt of Pasadena entertained with a buffet luncheon and miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss Nina Kellogg.

Yellow chrysanthemums were used in decorating and the gifts were presented in a large box covered with rainbow colored tulle. Guests from Sierra Madre were Mrs. Stella Denison, Miss Alice and Leila Kellogg.

DIED

Mrs. Mary D. Newton died last Friday, Oct. 24th, at the age of 55 years, at the family residence, 481 W. Highland Ave.

Deceased was a native of Ohio, has been a resident of California for the past ten years and a resident of Sierra Madre for three years, having bought the C. H. Baker residence.

The remains were shipped on Tuesday for burial at Toledo, Ohio. One son, Horace Newton, survives her.

LOST BAGGAGE OF SERVICE MEN

The News is in receipt of a letter from George Filmer, division manager of the Pacific Division of the American Red Cross regarding lost baggage with the request that if any of our service men have had any trouble in the forwarding of any of their personal effects that they write their complaints to LOST BAGGAGE BRANCH, PIER No. 2, HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY, describing the lost articles and they will be promptly looked up and forwarded.

Theosophy.

A class for children in the study of Theosophy is held at 162 East Central Ave. on Sunday at 10 a. m. under the direction of Children's School of Theosophy, United Lodge of Theosophists. All are welcome. No charges or collections.

AUTOMOBILE PARKING AND CAMPING PRIVILEGES

A visitor in this town last week remarked about the lack of parking space for automobiles. He had motored extensively throughout the state and recalled many cities in the northern part of California where public parking grounds were located for the convenience of the traveling automobilist. These places were usually in the central part of the town near the main traveled automobile road, containing running water, were free of charge and had signs giving information relative to hotels, garages, stores and so forth. Many of these cities also had signs of "Welcome, Call Again" and other greetings to the stranger in those parts.

Here is an opportunity for boosters in our city. A large vacant acre or two of ground might be cleared on one of our main streets, partly fenced and piped with water. A sign erected designating it as a "Free camping and parking ground," another suitable sign could give information relative to the town and its surroundings, distances to near-by points of interest, stores where different purchases could be made and where the visitor might get necessary accommodations. It would give the stranger time to look us over and perhaps interest him in locating here. Will some enterprising real estate man or property owner think this over and get busy? There is no time like the present.

No soot, no ashes, no work.
The Eclipse Gas Range, for sale by the Gas Company, eliminates all undesirable features in cooking.



HOLLOWEEN

Reminds us that Autumn is here—meaning planting time—the time to overhaul your flower garden, plant new shrubbery, etc.

These new plants can be had at

WARDS NURSERY

Phone, Blue 29.

Mt. Trail and Laurel Ave.

GROCERIES and VEGETABLES

Specials for Saturday

PINEBRASIA

Pine Apple Juice, per bottle,	.45
Best Quality Walnuts, per lb.	.35
Puffed Corn, per lb.	.15
New Crop Kelley Brand Corn, per can,	.20
Northern Potatoes, 6 lbs.	.25
Spanish Onions, 4 lbs.	.25

If you want your goods before noon, order must reach the store before 10 a.m. Later orders will be delivered in the afternoon.

OPEN THURSDAY AFTERNOON, BUT NO DELIVERY.

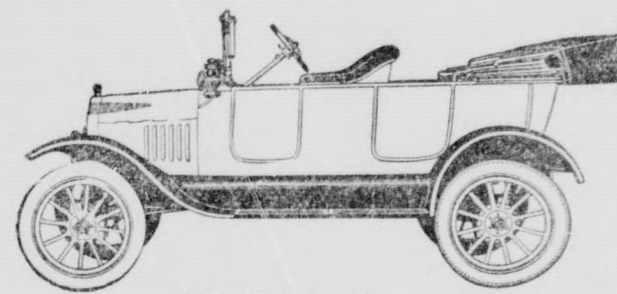
WE CLOSE AT 7:30 SATURDAY EVENING

C. M. Nomura

PHONE MAIN 46

BANK BUILDING

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR



New 1920 Model.

Equipped with Self Starter and Exide Battery.

Now on Display

in the Show Room of the

Sierra Madre Garage

MILTON STEINBERGER, PROPRIETOR.

Order Now for Prompt Delivery.

WALK-OVER

Walk-Over
FOOT FORM SHOES
For Children

Mothers who appreciate the necessity of having their children properly shod will be interested in our special-ized Foot Form Shoes, built by specialists who understand the anatomy of children's feet. They are made of best wearing leather, strongly stitched on oak soles.

TAN AND DARK BROWN LEATHER	BUTTON OR LACE VARIOUS LEATHER
Sizes 6 to 8\$3.25	Sizes 6 to 8\$4.00
Sizes 8 1-2 to 11 3.75	Sizes 8 1-2 to 11 4.50
Sizes 11 1-2 to 2 4.00	Sizes 11 1-2 to 2 5.00

**Bassett's
WALK-OVER
Store**

36 E. Colorado St
PASADENA, CAL

"WALKOVERS
FOR
QUALITY,
BASSETT'S
FOR
SERVICE."

NO FIX, NO PAY;
WE'RE HERE TO STAY.

Honest to Goodness AUTO MECHANICS

Electric Work and Carburation a Specialty.

HAMMERSTROM & DAVIS

23 East Central Ave. Phone, Blue 8. Sierra Madre, California.

PURE MILK

Phone us for pure sanitary Milk, Cream and Buttermilk.
Early delivery—always there in time for breakfast.

BEMAY DAIRY

Phone, Green 85.

ROBT W. GRADY, Prop.

The Magnificent Ambersons

By Booth Tarkington

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CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

But a moment later, as he turned from the shelves of glass jars against the wall, with the potion she had asked for in his hand, he uttered an exclamation: "For goshes' sake, Miss!" And, describing this adventure to his fellow boarders, that evening, "Sagged pretty near to the counter, she was," he said "I hadn't been a bright, quick, ready-for-anything young fella she'd 'a' flummoxed plum! I was watchin' her out the window—talkin' to some young s'ety fella, and she was all right then. She was all right when she came in the store, too. Yes, sir; the prettiest girl that ever walked in our place and took one good look at me. I reckon it must be the truth what some you town wags say about my face!"

At that hour the heroine of the susceptible clerk's romance was engaged in brightening the rosy little coal fire under the white mantelpiece in her pretty white and blue boudoir. Four photographs all framed in decorative plain silver went to the anthracite's fierce destruction—frames and all—and three packets of letters and notes in a charming Florentine treasure box of painted wood; nor was the box, any more than the silver frames, spared this rousing finish. Thrown heartily upon live coal, the fine wood sparked forth in stars, then burst into an alarming blaze which scorched the white mantelpiece, but Lucy stood and looked on without moving.

It was not Eugene who told her what had happened at Isabel's door. When she got home, she found Fanny Minafer waiting for her—a secret excursion of Fanny's for the purpose, presumably, of "letting out" again; because that was what she did. She told Lucy everything (except her own lamentable part in the production of the recent miseries) and concluded with a tribute to George: "The worst of it is, he thinks he's been such a hero, and Isabel does, too, and that makes him more than twice as awful. It's been the same all his life; everything he did was noble and perfect. He had a domineering nature to begin with, and she let it go on, and fostered it till it absolutely ruled her. I never saw a plainer case of a person's fault making them pay for having it! She goes about, overseeing the packing and praising George, and pretending to be perfectly cheerful about what he's done. She pretends he did such a fine thing—so manly and protective—going to Mrs. Johnson. And so heroic—doing what his 'principles' made him—even though he knew what it would cost him with you! And all the while it's almost killing her—what he said to your father! She's always been so lofty enough, so to speak, and had the greatest idea of the Ambersons being superior to the rest of the world, and all that, but rudeness, or anything like a 'scene,' or any bad manners—these always just made her sick! But she could never see what George's manners were—oh, it's been a terrible adulation! . . . It's going to be a task for me, living in that big house, all alone; you must come and see me—I mean after they've gone, of course. I'll go crazy if I don't see something of people. I'm sure you'll come as often as you can. I know you too well to think you'll be sensitive about coming there, or being reminded of George. Thank heaven you're too well-balanced." Miss Fanny concluded, with a profound fervor, "you're too well-balanced to let anything affect you deeply about that—that monkey!"

The four photographs and the painted Florentine box went to their cremation within the same hour that Miss Fanny spoke; and a little later Lucy called her father in, as he passed her door, and pointed to the blackened area on the underside of the mantelpiece, and to the burnt heap upon the coal, where some metallic shapes still retained outline. She flung her arms about his neck in passionate sympathy, telling him that she knew what had happened to him; and presently he began to comfort her and managed an embarrassed laugh.

"Well, well—" he said, "I was too old for such foolishness to be getting into my head, anyhow."

"No, no!" she sobbed. "And if you knew how I despise myself for ever having thought one instant about—oh, Miss Fanny called him the right name; that monkey! He is!"

"There, I think I agree with you," Eugene said grimly, and in his eyes there was a steady light of anger that was to last. "Yes I think I agree with you about that!"

"There's only one thing to do with such a person," she said vehemently. "That's to put him out of our thoughts forever—forever!"

And yet, the next day, at six o'clock, which was the hour, Fanny had told her, when George and his mother were to leave upon their long journey, Lucy touched that scorched place on her mantel with her hand just as the little clock above it struck. Then, after this odd, unconscious gesture, she went to a window and stood between the curtains, looking out into the cold No-

vember dusk; and in spite of every reasoning and reasonable power within her, a pain of loneliness struck through her heart. The dim street below her window, the dark houses across the way, the vague air itself—all looked empty, and cold and (most of all) uninteresting. Something more sombre than November dusk took the color from them and gave them that air of desertion.

The light of her fire, flickering up behind her, showed suddenly a flying group of tiny snowflakes nearing the window-pane; and for an instant she felt the sensation of being dragged through a snow-drift under a broken cutter, with a boy's arms about her—an arrogant, handsome, too-conquering boy, who nevertheless did his best to get hurt himself, keeping her from any possible harm.

She shook the picture out of her eyes indignantly, then came and sat before her fire, and looked long and long at the blackened mantelpiece. She did not have the mantelpiece repainted—and, since she did not, might as well have kept his photographs. One forgets what made the scar upon his hand but not what made the scar upon his wall.

. . . New faces appeared at the dances of the winter; new faces had been appearing everywhere, for that matter, and familiar ones were disappearing, merged in the increasing crowd, or gone forever and missed a little and not long; for the town was growing and changing as it never had grown and changed before.

It was heaving up in the middle incredibly; it was spreading incredibly; and as it heaved and spread, it befouled itself and darkened its sky. You drove between pleasant fields and woodland groves one spring day; and in the autumn, passing over the same ground, you were warned off the tracks by an interurban trolley-car's gonging, and beheld, beyond cement sidewalks just dry, new house-owners busy "moving in." Gasoline and electricity were performing the miracles Eugene had predicted.

But the great change was in the citizenry itself. What was left of the patriotic old-stock generation that had fought the Civil war, and subsequently controlled politics, had become venerable and was little heeded. What happened in degree to the Midland city; the old stock became less and less typical, and of the grown people who called the place home, less than a third had been born in it.

A new spirit of citizenship had already sharply defined itself. It was idealistic, and its ideals were expressed in the new kind of young men in business downtown. They were optimists—optimists to the point of belligerence—their motto being "Boost! Don't Knock!" And they were hustlers, believing in hustling and in honesty because both paid. They loved their city and worked for it with a plutonic energy which was always ardently vocal. They were viciously governed, but they sometimes went so far as to struggle for better government on account of the helpful effect of good government on the price of real estate and "betterment" generally; the politicians could not go too far with them, and knew it. The idealists planned and strove and shouted that their city should become a better, better, and better city—and what they meant, when they used the word "better," was "more prosperous," and the core of their idealism was this: "The more prosperous my beloved city, the more prosperous beloved I!"

These were bad times for Amberson addition. This quarter, already old, lay within a mile of the center of the town, but business moved in other directions; and the Addition's share of Prosperity was only the smoke and dirt, with the bank credit left out. The owners of the original big houses sold them, or rented them to boarding-house keepers, and the tenants of the multitude of small houses moved "farther out" (where the smoke was thinner) or into apartment houses, which were built by dozens now. Cheaper tenants took their places, and the rents were lower and lower, and the houses shabbier and shabbier—for all these shabby houses, burning soft coal, did their best to help in the destruction of their own value. Distances had ceased to matter.

The five new houses, built so closely where had been the fine lawn of the Amberson mansion, did not look new. When they were a year old they looked as old as they would ever look; and two of them were vacant, having never been rented, for the Major's mistake about apartment houses had been a disastrous one. "He guessed wrong," George Amberson said. "He guessed wrong at just the wrong time! People were crazy for apartments—too bad he couldn't have seen it in time. Poor man! He digs away at his ledgers by his old gas drop-light lamp almost every night—he still refuses to let the Mansion be torn up for wiring, you know. But he had one painful satisfaction this spring; he got his taxes lowered."

George Amberson also laid stress on caution later, though the Major had "financed him" again, and he was "going in." "You must be careful to leave yourself a 'margin of safety,' Fanny,"

Amberson laughed ruefully, and Fanny Minafer asked how the Major could have managed such an economy. They were sitting upon the veranda at Isabel's one evening during the third summer of the absence of their nephew and his mother; and the conversation had turned toward Amberson finances.

"I said it was a 'painful satisfaction,' Fanny," he explained. "The property has gone down in value, and they assessed it lower than they did fifteen years ago."

"But farther out—"

"Oh, yes, 'farther out!' Prices are magnificent 'farther out,' and farther in, too! We just happen to be the wrong spot, that's all. Not that I don't think something could be done if father would let me have a hand; but he won't. He can't, I suppose I ought to say. He's 'always done his own figuring,' he says; and it's his lifelong habit to keep his affairs, and even his books, to himself, and just hand us out the money. Heaven knows he's done enough of that!"

"There seem to be so many ways of making money nowadays," Fanny said thoughtfully. "Every day I hear of a new fortune some person has got hold of, one way or another—nearly always it's somebody you never have heard of. It doesn't seem all to be in just making motor cars: I hear there's a



"The Property Has Gone Down in Value."

great deal in manufacturing these things that motor cars use—new inventions particularly. I met dear old Frank Bronson the other day, and he told me—"

"Oh, yes, even dear old Frank's got the fever," Amberson laughed. "He's as wild as any of them. He told me about this invention he's gone into, too. 'Millions in it!' Some new electric headlight better than anything yet—every car in America can't help but have 'em,' and all that. He's putting half he's laid by into it, and the fact is he almost talked me into getting father to 'finance me' enough for me to go into it. Poor father! He's financed me before! I suppose he would again if I had the heart to ask him. At any rate I've been thinking it over."

"So have I," Fanny admitted. "He seemed to be certain it would pay twenty-five per cent the first year, and enormously more after that; and I'm only getting four on my little principal. People are making such enormous fortunes out of everything to do with motorcars. It does seem as if—"

She paused. "Well, I told him I'd think it over seriously."

"We may turn out to be partners and millionaires then," Amberson laughed. "I thought I'd ask Eugene's advice."

"I wish you would," said Fanny. "He probably knows exactly how much profit there would be in this."

Eugene's advice was to "go slow;" he thought electric lights for automobiles were "coming—some day," but probably not until certain difficulties could be overcome. Altogether he was discouraging, but by this time his two friends "had the fever" as thoroughly as old Frank Bronson himself had it; for they had been with Bronson to see the light working beautifully in a machine shop. "Perfect!" Fanny cried. "And if it worked in the shop it's bound to work any place else, isn't it?"

Eugene would not agree it was "bound to"—yet, being pressed, was driven to admit that "it might," and retiring from what was developing into an oratorical contest, repeated a warning about not "putting too much into it."

George Amberson also laid stress on caution later, though the Major had "financed him" again, and he was "going in." "You must be careful to leave yourself a 'margin of safety,' Fanny,"

he said. You must be careful to leave yourself enough to fall back on, in case anything should go wrong."

Fanny deceived him. In the impossible event of "anything going wrong" she would have enough left to "live on," she declared, and laughed excitedly, for she was having the best time that had come to her since Wilbur's death. Like so many women for whom money has always been provided without their understanding how, she was prepared to be a thorough and irresponsible plunger.

Amberson, in his wearier way, shared her excitement, and in the winter, when the exploiting company had been formed, and he brought Fanny her importantly engraved shares of stock, he reverted to his prediction of possibilities, made when they first spoke of the new light.

"We seem to be partners, all right," he laughed. "Now let's go ahead and be millionaires before Isabel and young George come home."

"When they come home!" she echoed sorrowfully—and it was a phrase which found an evasive echo in Isabel's letters. In these letters Isabel was always planning pleasant things that she and Fanny and the Major and George and "brother George" would do—when she and her son came home. "They'll find things pretty changed, I'm afraid," Fanny said. "If they ever do come home!"

Amberson went over the next summer and joined his sister and nephew in Paris, where they were living. "Isabel does want to come home," he told Fanny gravely on the day of his return in October. "She's wanted to for a long while—and she ought to come while she can stand the journey." And he amplified this statement, leaving Fanny looking startled and solemn when Lucy came by to drive him out to dinner at the new house Eugene had just completed.

He was loud in praise of the house after Eugene arrived, and gave them no account of his journey until they had retired from the dinner table to Eugene's library, a gray and shadowy room, where their coffee was brought. Then, equipped with a cigar, which seemed to occupy his attention, Amberson spoke in a casual tone of his sister and her son.

"I found Isabel as well as usual," he said. "Only I'm afraid 'as usual' isn't particularly well. Sydney and Amelia had been up to Paris in the spring, but she hadn't seen them. Somebody told her they were there. It seems. They'd left Florence and were living in Rome; Amelia's become a Catholic and is said to give great sums to charity and to go about with the gentry in consequence, but Sydney's ailing and lives in a wheel chair most of the time. It struck me Isabel ought to be doing the same thing."

He paused, bestowing minute care upon the removal of the little band from his cigar; and as he seemed to have concluded his narrative Eugene spoke out of the shadow beyond a heavily shaded lamp: "What do you mean by that?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, she's cheerful enough," said Amberson, still not looking at either his young hostess or her father. "At least," he said, "she manages to seem so. I'm afraid she hasn't been really well for several years. Of course she makes nothing of it, but it seemed rather serious to me when I noticed she had to stop and rest twice to get up one short flight of stairs in their two-floor apartment. I told her I thought she ought to make George let her come home."

"Let her?" Eugene repeated in a low voice. "Does she want to?"

"She doesn't urge it. George seems to like the life there—in his grand, gloomy and peculiar way; and of course she'll never change about being proud of him and all that—he's quite a swell. But in spite of anything she said, rather than because, I know she does indeed want to come. She'd like to be with father, of course; and I think she's—well, she's interested one day that she feared it might even happen that she wouldn't get to see him again. At the time I thought she referred to his age and feebleness, but on the boat coming home I remembered the little look of wistfulness, yet of resignation, with which she said it, and it struck me all at once that I'd been mistaken: I saw she was really thinking of her own state of health."

"I see," Eugene said, his voice even lower than it had been before. "And you say he won't let her come home?"

Amberson laughed, but still continued to be interested in his cigar. "Oh, I don't think he uses force! He's very gentle with her. I doubt if the subject is mentioned between them, and yet—and yet, knowing my interesting nephew as you do, wouldn't you think that was about the way to put it?"

"Knowing him as I do—yes," said Eugene slowly. "Yes, I should think that was about the way to put it."

A murmur of the shadows beyond him—a faint sound, musical and feminine, yet expressive of a notable intensity—seemed to indicate that Lucy was of the same opinion.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Let her" was correct; but the time came—and it came in the spring of the next year—when it was no longer a question of George's letting his mother come home. He had to bring her, and to bring her quickly if she was to see her father again; and Amberson had been right: her danger of never seeing him again lay not in the Major's feebleness of heart but in her own. As it was George telegraphed his uncle to have a wheeled chair at the station, for the journey had been disastrous, and to this hybrid vehicle, placed close to the car platform, her son carried her in his arms when she arrived. She was unable to speak, but patted her brother's and Fanny's hands and looked "very sweet," Fanny found the desperate courage to tell her. She was lifted from the chair into a carriage, and seemed a little stronger as they drove home; for once she took her hand from George's and waved it feebly toward the carriage window.

"Changed," she whispered. "So changed."

"You mean the town," Amberson said. "You mean the old place is changed, don't you, dear?"

She smiled and moved her lips: "Yes."

"It'll change to a happier place, old dear," he said, "now that you're back in it, and going to get well again."

But she only looked at him wistfully, her eyes a little fatigued.

When the carriage stopped her son carried her into the house and up the stairs to her own room, where a nurse was waiting; and he came out a moment later, as the doctor went in. At the end of the hall a stricken group was clustered: Amberson and Fanny and the Major. George, deathly pale and speechless, took his grandfather's hand, but the old gentleman did not seem to notice his action.

"When are they going to let me see my daughter?" he asked querulously. "They told me to keep out of the way while they carried her in, because it might upset her. I wish they'd let me go in and speak to my daughter. I think she wants to see me."

He was right—presently the doctor came out and beckoned to him, and the Major shuffled forward, leaning on a shaking cane; his figure, after all its years of proud soldierliness, had grown stooping at last, and his untrimmed white hair straggled over the back of his collar. He looked old—old and divested of the world—as he crept toward his daughter's room. Her voice was stronger, for the waiting group heard a low cry of tenderness and welcome as the old man reached the open doorway. Then the door was closed.

George began to pace the floor, taking care not to go near Isabel's door, and that his footsteps were muffled by the long, thick hall rug. After a while he went to where Amberson, with folded arms and bowed head, had seated himself near the front window. "Uncle George," he said hoarsely. "I didn't—"

"Well?"

"Oh, my God, I didn't think this thing the matter with her could ever be serious! I—" He gasped. "When the doctor I had meet us at the boat—"

He could not go on.

Amberson only nodded his head, and did not otherwise change his attitude. . . . Isabel lived through the night. At eleven o'clock Fanny came timidly to George in his room. "Eugene is here," she whispered. "He's down stairs. He wants—"

She gulped. "He wants to know if he can't see her. I didn't know what to say. I said I'd see. I didn't know—the doctor said—" The doctor said we must keep her peaceful," George said sharply. "Do you think that man's coming would be very soothing? My God! if it hadn't been for him this mightn't have happened; we could have gone on living here quietly, and—why, it would be like taking a stranger into her room! She hasn't even spoken of him more than twice in all the time we've been away. Doesn't he know how sick she is? You tell him the doctor said she had to be quiet and peaceful. That's what he did say, isn't it?"

Fanny acquiesced tearfully. "I'll tell him. I'll tell him the doctor said she was to be kept very quiet. I—I didn't know—" And she pattered out.

An hour later the nurse appeared in George's doorway; she came noiselessly, and his back was toward her; but he jumped as if he had been shot, and his jaw fell, he so feared what she was going to say.

"She wants to see you."

The terrified mouth shut with a click and he nodded and followed her, but she remained outside his mother's room while he went in.

Isabel's eyes were closed, and she did not open them or move her head, but she smiled and edged her hand toward him as he sat on a stool beside the bed. He took that slender, cold hand and put it to his cheek.

"Darling, did you—get something to eat?" She could only whisper slowly and with difficulty. It was as if Isabel herself were far away, and only able to signal what she wanted to say.

"Yes, mother."

"All you needed?"

"Yes, mother."

She did not speak again for a time; then, "Are you sure you didn't—didn't catch cold—coming home?"

"I'm all right, mother."

"That's good. It's sweet—it's sweet—"

"What is, mother darling?"

"To feel—my hand on your cheek. I—I can feel it."

But this frightened him horribly—that she seemed so glad she could feel it, like a child proud of some miraculous seeming thing accomplished. It frightened him so that he could not speak, and he feared that she would know how he trembled; but she was unaware, and again was silent. Finally she spoke again:

"I wonder if—if Eugene and Lucy know that we've come—home."

"I'm sure they do."

"Has he—asked about me?"

"Yes, he was here."

"Has he—gone?"

"Yes, mother."

She sighed faintly. "I'd like—"

"What, mother?"

"I'd like to have—seen him." It was audible, this little regretful murmur. Several minutes passed before there was another. "Just—just once," she whispered, and then was still.

She seemed to have fallen asleep, and George moved to go, but a faint pressure upon his fingers detained him, and he remained, with her hand still pressed against his cheek. After a while he made sure she was asleep, and moved again, to let the nurse come in, and this time there was no pressure of the fingers to keep him. She was not asleep, but, thinking that if he went he might get some rest, and be better prepared for what she knew was coming, she commanded those longing fingers of hers—and let him go.

He found the doctor standing with the nurse in the hall; and, telling them that his mother was drowsing now, George went back to his own room, where he was startled to find his grandfather lying on the bed, and his uncle leaning against the wall. They had gone home two hours before, and he did not know they had returned.

"The doctor thought we'd better come over," Amberson said, then was silent, and George, shaking violently, sat down on the edge of the bed. His shaking continued, and from time to time he wiped heavy sweat from his forehead.

The hours passed, and sometimes the old man upon the bed would snore a little, stop suddenly, and move as if to rise, but George Amberson would set a hand upon his shoulder, and murmur a reassuring word or two.

Once George gasped defiantly: "That doctor in New York said she might get better! Don't you know he did? Don't you know he said she might?"

Amberson made no answer.

Dawn had been marking through the smoky windows, growing stronger for half an hour, when both men started violently at a sound in the hall; and the Major sat up on the bed. It was the voice of the nurse speaking to Fanny Minafer, and the next moment Fanny appeared in the doorway making contorted efforts to speak.

Amberson said weakly: "Does she want us—to come in?"

But Fanny found her voice, and uttered a long, loud cry. She threw her arms about George, and sobbed in an agony of loss and compassion: "She loved you!" she wailed. "She loved you! She loved you! Oh, how she did love you!"

Isabel had just left them.

Major Amberson remained dry-eyed through the time that followed; he knew that this separation from his daughter would be short; that the separation which had preceded it was the long one. He worked at his ledgers no more under his old gas drop-light, but would sit all evening staring into the fire, in his bedroom, and not speaking unless someone asked him a question. He seemed almost unaware of what went on around him, and those who were with him thought him dazed by Isabel's death, guessing that he was lost in reminiscences and vague dreams. "Probably his mind is full of pictures of his youth, or the Civil war, and the days when he and mother were young married people and all of us children were jolly little things—and the city was a small town with one cobbled street and the others just dirt roads with board sidewalks." This was George Amberson's conjecture, and the others agreed; but they were mistaken. The Major was engaged in the profoundest thinking of his life. No business plans which had ever absorbed him could compare in momentousness with the plans that absorbed him now, for he had to plan how to enter the unknown country where he was not even sure of being recognized as an Amberson—not sure of anything, except that Isabel would help him if she could. The Major was occupied with the first really important matter that had taken his attention since he came home invalided, after the Gettysburg campaign, and went into business, and he realized that everything which had worried him or delighted him during this lifetime between then and today—all his buying and building and trading and banking—that it all was trifling and waste beside what concerned him now.

Meanwhile, the life of the little bereft group still forlornly centering upon him began to pick up again, as life will, and to emerge from its own period of dazedness. It was not Isabel's father but her son who was really dazed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Table Silver

You do not buy silverware every day, which is a very good reason why you should consider carefully that which you seldom decide. Our reasonable prices ease the way.

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HAVE ONLY ALLOTTED SPAN

Death of Trout, Although at Advanced Age, Disproves Theory Which Seems Absurd.

An ancient controversy has been revived by the published story of the death in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, of a trout which for 20 years had survived in a well.

The fish was caught in an adjoining stream—the River Ewan, a tributary of the Annan, near Moffat, and was placed in a well formed in a burn adjacent to a remote railway signal box, a few miles north of Bentock, on the Caledonian main line. The signalman who at the time was in charge of the cabin took a lively interest in the fish, as did also various engine drivers and other railway workers on that section of the line, when intervals permitted of their visiting the "aquarium," with its solitary occupant. The trout gradually became quite tame and docile, and was accustomed to swim boldly to the edge of the well to receive titbits from visitors in the form of worms or insects suitable to its appetite.

It is still argued by some authorities that unless some accident befalls him, a trout lives on indefinitely. Opponents of that theory find support in the account of the death of the Scotch trout for their opinion that all fish, even the members of the princely salmon or trout class, have their appointed span of life.

FOR SALE—We have in this vicinity a high-grade piano, also latest model player-piano, used but in perfect condition, practically new, which we will sell at an attractive figure and on practically their own terms, to responsible parties, rather than ship back. Write today to Consolidated Music Co., 13 to 19 East First South St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

WHY HIS "SECOND BEST BED"?

Writer Feels Called On to Criticize Shakespeare for Provision Made in His Will.

We are indebted to an English publication for a copy of the last will and testament of the late William Shakespeare. In the course of this document, we observe the following sentence:

"I give unto my wife my second best bed with the furniture."

We have no desire to find fault with the successful poet and dramatist of Stratford for this apparent discrimination against the Widow Shakespeare. What disposition he made of his first best bed is a matter that is not revealed by the copy of the will of the versatile author whose last testament is reported in the columns of our alert London contemporary. However, we do not think Mr. S. showed just the right spirit in giving to his wife his second best bed. O, why did he not give unto her his first bed, or his tee potte or his punche bole with the gilt butterflies, or his favorite wigge, or his safetie razure, or fountain penne, or bicycle—anything, in fact, but his second best bed?

No doubt Mr. Shakespeare had gone to bed with his boots on many a Saturday night in that very second best bed, and yet, hallowed as it was by such memories, one cannot but feel that the widow was treated unfairly. Perhaps Will's folks influenced him. As a co-writer we have only the highest regard and esteem for him. But we don't think he acted right about friend wife. —Thrill Magazine.

Presidents Who Were Masons.

Masonic records of the early presidents are not complete. The following presidents are listed as Masons: Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan, Johnson, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft.

Taking Good Care of Them.

"I see by the papers there are more women than men in England," said she.

"I'll bet those English wives are careful how they treat their husbands now," was his only comment.

Sarcasm.

"I can make a lot of money for you, if you'll let me."

"No, young fellow, go on out and make it for yourself. I'm perfectly willing to struggle along unaided and make what little I can myself."

Our Woman's Department

This Department is edited by Julia Bottomley, Associate Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and Nellie Maxwell, a National authority on Domestic Economy, for the pleasure and profit of the Ladies of Sierra Madre and vicinity. —J. F. Whiting, Editor

The KITCHEN CABINET

"Oh, suns and skies and clouds of June
And days of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather."
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

HINTS FOR THE HOMEMAKER.

A useful article for the kitchen is a small microscope. One may be informed as to the condition of many things which do not show up to the natural eye. Dates, figs, raisins, as well as cereals, are safest examined with a stronger lens than that of the eye. Such foods may be returned at once when found to be unfit.

A rubber plant should be washed with milk once or twice a month. This will keep the leaves glossy and handsome.

Save the discarded tooth-brushes and old underwear for cleaning and polishing silver. A clean, dry brush is the best kind of a cleaner to brush the whitening from chased silver. Use the soft underwear for the hard rubbing, and finish the polishing with a chamamois skin.

If silver is rubbed after a soapy bath with a chamamois skin, once a week, the hard cleaning will not need to be done so often.

The French way of making tough meat tender is one worth remembering: Lay the steak in a marinade of three tablespoonfuls of olive oil and one and one-half of vinegar; let stand four hours on ice, turning frequently to be sure that both sides are treated then broil as usual.

When cooking a pudding either by steam or in boiling water, take care to replenish the water by boiling water, or the pudding will fall or be soggy.

A nice laundry bag may be made of two bordered towels, using a drawstring at the top. For holding scraps and pieces, a circular bag, which may be laid out flat on the floor will be found convenient, as then any bundle can be quickly found.

A good tonic which may be brewed at home is sassafras tea. This is an old remedy used by our grandmothers, and one which is perfectly reliable. Steep a small handful of sassafras root by covering with a quart of boiling water. Strain and drink half a cupful night and morning. It purifies the blood and acts as a tonic.

Take the bright shell from its home on the sea.
Wherever it goes 'twill sing of the sea;
So take the fond heart from the home and the hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved to the ends of the earth.

AN EVERYDAY LUNCHEON.

If the weather is cool, a bowl of nice steaming hot soup is always a good beginning for a luncheon; then a broiled whitefish, with creamed potatoes; an apple salad, prepared from tart apples; celery, a few nuts and a good salad dressing; then a simple dessert, like musk melon, peaches and cream with a cookie, or a small sponge cake with a dish of sliced bananas.

A good dish which will make a main dish and is very filling is:

Codfish Chowder.—Cut in dice a quarter of a pound of salt pork; fry until brown, then add three to six sliced onions; stir and cook until light-colored; add twice the amount of sliced potatoes, and water to cover; cook until the vegetables are soft, then add a half-pound of shredded and par-boiled codfish, a half-dozen milk crackers which have been softened by pouring boiling water over them, a quart of milk and salt and pepper to taste. Serve in bowls, very hot, with a cracker on top of each. Fresh fish may be used in this chowder. Add the fish, cooked until tender, or it may be added about twenty minutes before the dish is ready to serve. Too long cooking of the fish will make it tasteless.

Corn and Rice Muffins.—Take two cupfuls of buttermilk, one cupful of cornmeal, one teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt, half a cupful of cream and half a cupful of boiled rice. Mash the rice; add a pinch of salt, and the cream, an egg well beaten and the buttermilk mixed with the soda, then the meat. Bake in buttered muffin tins in a quick oven.

Lemon Sauce.—Take half a cupful of sugar, the juice and rind of a lemon, a tablespoonful of butter and a quarter of a cupful of water; cook until soft, adding an egg, well beaten, by pouring the cooked mixture over the egg, stirring constantly. Serve hot.

I shall be happier than you and calmer, if my doubt is greater and nobler than your faith; if it has probed more deeply into my soul, traversed wider horizons, if there are more things it has solved.—Maeterlinck.

FOOD FOR COOLER WEATHER.

Fall has brought back the oyster from his salty vacation, and now comes the game that makes these days the favorite in the epicure's calendar. Simplicity is the keynote in cookery these days; there is not a game bird or fish that will be improved in flavor by stuffing, or the addition of many seasonings. The charm of any dish is to keep its characteristic flavor, accentuating it, not covering it with seasonings. The old-fashioned method of stuffing all kinds of fowl and game is no longer considered desirable by the best diners.

Duck may be improved by the addition of an onion, a bunch of celery or, as some Southern cooks do, put an oyster in a small bird before broiling or baking. Wild game that lacks fat is sometimes wrapped in slices of bacon, fastening them with toothpicks if the bird is small, or placing a slice over the breast of a large bird.

For the small birds a nicely toasted square of bread is the best pedestal on which to place the tiny morsel of deliciousness. The toast should always be well buttered and soft, with the crusts removed. Water cress is one of the nicest of garnishes, and a salad of sliced oranges on water cress served with French dressing is the salad par excellence to serve with duck.

Those acquainted with only the cultivated mushroom do not realize the rare flavor of the field variety. They are found in abundance until the frost comes to kill them. It is better to buy them in the market, gathered by some one who is reliable, than to risk being poisoned. The field mushroom is delightful when simply cooked in a little butter, with salt and pepper for seasoning—some like a bit of cream; then serve them on toast.

Mushrooms make a better supper dish than an earlier meal, as they require little as an accompaniment and are much better enjoyed than when confused with the many items of a more elaborate repast.

"I love the smell of apples when they're gettin' streaky red,
And I love the smell that crinkles from an old-time posy bed;
The earthy spice of new plowed fields is 'en almost sublime,
But there ain't no smell that equals the smell of picklin' time."

PICKLING TIME.

Don't fail to put up a small jar of the good old watermelon pickles, for there is nothing quite like them, if you care for that kind of pickles. **Watermelon Pickles.**—Peel the rind and cut in one and one-half-inch slices; let stand over night in salt water. Make a syrup of four pounds of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ground cloves and two quarts of vinegar. Tie the spices in a bag. Pour the hot syrup over the drained melon rind; let stand 24 hours. Reheat the syrup four mornings, then cover for winter use.

Nut Conserve.—Take two pints of grape juice, two pounds of sugar, four oranges sliced thin, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, one and one-third pounds of chopped raisins, two-thirds of a pound of chopped walnuts, "one-fourth of a pound of chopped filberts. Dissolve the sugar in the juice, add the other ingredients and simmer for one hour, or until a thick marmalade is formed.

Pickled Onions.—Select small silver-skinned onions; put them in a brine, after peeling carefully. Let stand three days in a brine that will float an egg. Drain and place in a jar, first a layer of onions three inches deep, then a layer of horseradish, a sprinkling of cinnamon, cloves and cayenne or, better, chopped red pepper; repeat until the jar is full. Cover with vinegar, brought to the boiling point; add one cupful of brown sugar to a quart of the vinegar. Pour hot over the onions, and seal.

Nellie Maxwell

Furs Almost Beyond Reach

Of course we are appalled at the tremendous cost of even the smallest pieces of fur, but when the manufacturers tell us that the cost of making is equal practically to the cost of the skins we must bow to the inevitable and pay if we can. Because of the peculiar conditions which exist in the fur world, we may look for a great vogue in the plush, velvet, astrachan and other materials which may be called "near" fur, as they give the same degree of warmth without costing anything like so much. Even pony skins are likely to return, it is hinted, and the so-called carcass also, writes Martha Goode Anderson in the New Sun.

It will be recognized at a glance that many of the new garments are really triumphs of the furmakers' art, for the soft and exquisite grace of many of the moleskin wraps would

and deep slits at the sides for the arms. Inside the lining is of the handsomest and most beautiful of flesh-pink broadcloth satin, with ample pockets fitted at the sides. Of course such a sumptuous wrap is intended for only sumptuous wearing, so to speak. Its cost is close to \$1,000, while a companion coat of mink as soft as a baby's skin is well over \$2,000.

It is most astonishing the way fox holds on. First we have a season when the white stoies are in such demand it seems impossible to meet it, then comes the wonderful cross fox, with its rich blend of yellow and brown, and then the no less beautiful pointed and silver skins. The rage for these beautiful fur pieces is just as insistent now as it was last fall, and again this spring. The long hair of the fox makes it particularly becoming to all and the many shades in



TRAVELING COAT OF ENGLISH BEIGE, BISSUE-FUR COLLAR. MOST ATTRACTIVE FOR FALL WEAR.

alone prove this assertion if those of no other pelts were considered. Because of the small size of the soft and velvety mole the makers of wraps of this rodent have achieved a beautiful result by blocking the skins in squares, which presents a handsomely shaded surface. This effect is attained by the use of hot irons which mark the skins in squares or rows, running now and then along the bottom of the long dolmans and capes. One of the handsomest of the mole-skin wraps is made up in a dolman effect by outlining a yoke across the back. From underneath this yoke the back of the wrap falls in rather flaring lines quite to the edge of the skirt. An enormous collar of the shawl type folds over the yoke in the back and extends quite to the waistline in front, where it fastens with a huge fur button. There are no sleeves, but long

Sports Coats in Fur

Last year muskrat came to be so much in demand as a winter sports coat that the price was pushed almost as high as seal. The muskrat coats are again in high favor for general utility wear, such as motoring, traveling, skating and such allied uses. The skins are blocked and matched with great perfection and made up into whole garments as nearly tailored as a fur coat can be. These are particularly esteemed by younger women, as are the short jackets of gray squirrel. The latter are very smart indeed when made up into the hip length styles and untrimmed, by any other fur. Children's coats are especially in demand in this fur and some are also made up in the brown squirrel. As to the smaller wraps, the little coats which were brought out last season are again to be much used, for the fashion makers are kind enough to permit the use of a last year's model this year, thus doing away with the necessity of paying enormous prices for the making over. The Eton jacket is the new-

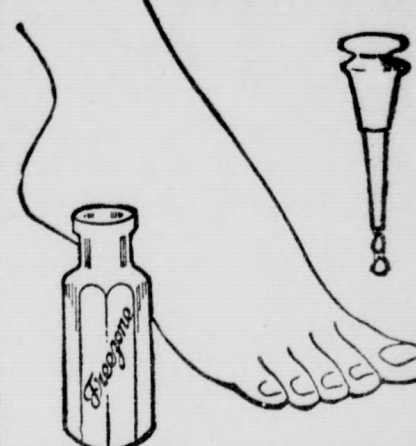
est in the coat models. The cape coats are of the same belted models used last year, fitted in at the back and flaring and full in cape effect in front. They, too, have the high rolling shawl collars seen on all the new fall models. The demand seems to be greatest for the darker furs such as skunk, seal, sable, dyed muskrat and dyed squirrel, but as I said above these are just as often seen in a combination with one of the domestic furs in natural colors.

In selecting the short jackets it must be remembered that nearly all are fitted with the high choker collars and whereas one sees the shawl and rolling collars on the longer coats, and dolmans and capes, the straight-around and high, tight collar seems to be preferred on the shorter coat. This of course permits the use of the extra stole if desired and is therefore advantageous.

As to the demand for the smaller pieces, the one, two and three skins are made up in mink, sable and skunk.

Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

OLD SAYING SLIGHTLY MIXED

Familiar "Before You Could Say Jack Robinson" Does Not Convey the Right Idea.

Opinion differs as to the proper duration of a social call. "Anywhere from ten minutes to a half hour," says the woman who has a social secretary and whose daily job is "calling," to the tune of tea and wafers. "All afternoon," says the bourgeoisie, who takes along her knitting and sits down to coffee and cake. "And then," say some, "it all depends upon the call. On some occasions and with different people we stay longer than others."

But Jack Robinson's calls never varied. He never stayed long enough to wear out his welcome. In fact hardly had he been announced, hardly had the servant who admitted him spoken aloud his name than he was gone.

So, as you see, "before you can say Jack Robinson" has no reference to the time it takes to say it. "As long as you can see Jack Robinson" would be more in order with its origin and significance.

"CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Mother! You must say "California." —Adv.

Could Understand Them.

Robert was visiting me and he went into the library one rainy day to get a book. He picked up a book that happened to be a French book. I said: "I am afraid you can't read that book, Robert. You better take one written in English."

"Oh," he said, "it isn't so bad. You see the pictures are in English."—Chicago Tribune.

\$100 Reward, \$100

Cataract is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Cataract that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Badly Handicapped.

Much against Bob's wishes, his fox terrier's tail was shortened. Not long after this operation Jip, like all other playful dogs, was trying to catch his tail, but it couldn't be done.

Bob, watching him, said sorrowfully: "Poor Jip, if they'd left the tail you was borned with you could catch it all right."

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful sometimes what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red rough hands.—Adv.

If people were given all they pray for the world would have to be enlarged.

Even the miser is generous to his faults.

Jewelry and Repairing

—a full line of LA TAUSCA PEARL NECKLACES—from \$3.50 up to the "DIAMOND OPERA," \$20.00. Highest cash price paid for old gold, silver and diamonds.

Leave orders for piano tuning. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Agents of this company, upon request, will provide you with folders descriptive of any of the beautiful, healthful resorts of the San Bernardino Mountains. They will ascertain for you without cost whether accommodations are available at any of them and at what cost. They will advise you and assist you in shipping your own camp outfit to any point accessible in the mountains, and arrange for its return to your home destination after your vacation. They will arrange all your transportation details gladly so that every feature of the journey may so far as possible be pleasant and your stay among the great trees of our own mountains the happiest days of your lives. Call upon them freely.

Pacific Electric Railway

G. E. MESEAR, SIERRA MADRE AGENT
Will gladly assist you and solicit inquiry.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE.

Sheriff's Sale
No. B75947
Order of Sale and Decree of
Foreclosure and Sale.
Lydia M. Webster, Plaintiff,
vs.

Julius A. Potter, et al, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 27 day of September A. D. 1919, in the above entitled action, wherein Lydia M. Webster, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgement and decree of foreclosure and sale against Julius A. Potter, et al, defendants on the 16 day of September A. D. 1919, for the sum of Thirteen hundred sixty eight and 45-100 (\$1368.45) Dollars gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 23 day of September A. D. 1919, recorded in Judgement Book 445 of said Court, at page 311, I am commanded to sell all those certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city of Sierra Madre, County of Los Angeles, State of California and bounded and described as follows: Lots twenty-five (25) and twenty six (26) of the Re-subdivision of a part of L. L. Ferry's Subdivision of the central portion of lot fourteen (14) of the Sierra Madre Tract as per map recorded in Book 66 page 71 miscellaneous records of said county.

Together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Public Notice is hereby Given, That, on Monday, the 3rd day of November, A. D., 1919, at 12 o'clock, M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interests and costs etc., to the highest and best bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 9th day of October, 1919.
JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
Slossen & Mitchell,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

* Natural Gas is the cheapest
* fuel for your furnace. Let the
* Gas Company install a furnace
* in your house.

STRONG SWINE SHOW AT SAN FRANCISCO

Poppy Davies, of the Fairmont Hotel Follies, showing off with one of the Chester White pigs entered at the California International Live Stock Show, San Francisco, November 1 to 8, by C. B. Cunningham of Mills, Cal., president of the California Swine Breeders' Association.



The swine department of the California International Live Stock Show, opening in the California building on the Panama-Pacific Exposition grounds in San Francisco, November 1, and continuing for a week, will be a good one, according to Prof. J. I. Thompson of the University of California, who is superintendent of the swine department. Thompson recently returned from the National Swine Show at Des Moines, where he judged Berkshire hogs.

"The Pacific Coast no longer takes second place to the Corn Belt when it comes to growing good pigs," says Thompson, "and the show at San Francisco will be in every degree as good in quality as the National Swine Show. The only difference I can see is that the breeders of purebred swine in the Central West get a lot more money for their registered pigs than the Western breeders."

Strong classes will be shown in every one of the different breeds at the San Francisco show, more breeds entering than have been shown in California since the Panama-Pacific. Entries have been made for Berkshires, Poland-Chinas, Duroc Jerseys, Chester Whites, Hampshires, Yorkshires and Tamworths. A number of carload lots of various breeds as well as some grades will be shown and many entries are made for the carcass classes to determine who produces the best hog for the block.

SAN FRANCISCO DOING HER BEST FOR LIVE STOCK

Big November Stock Show Gets Support of City Business Men.

"When San Francisco sets out to do a thing she usually does it right," is often remarked about the manner in which the bay city takes hold of big events that are held in that city. The California International Live Stock Show, which will be held in the California building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition grounds from November 1 to 8, will demonstrate that the commercial interests of the city are encouraging the breeding of better live stock and poultry, realizing that the best is found in the West and the producers of better stock should have the opportunity of participating in a great competitive show such as exists in other parts of the country.

When the entries closed for the big stock show and it was found that the California building was not large enough to accommodate the great numbers of cattle, horses, sheep, swine, goats, rabbits and poultry, President W. T. Sesson of the stock show gave orders to build additional stabling facilities outside the building.

"We invited the breeders and farmers of the West to come with their stock and compete in a great show and we will give them every opportunity and facility to do so," said Sesson, as a result of which the added stable room is in readiness for the opening day.

No better assemblage of livestock was ever brought together, for a new show than has been entered for this one, according to Manager Gordon H. Truog, one of the most noted stock authorities in the country, who says that the Pacific Coast is thoroughly awake to the fact that better livestock can be raised here than in any other part of the country, and this show will bring out the good ones.

Specially constructed box stalls near exits have been built at the California International Live Stock Show, San Francisco, November 1 to 8, for Uhlman, the fastest trotting horse in the world, owned by C. K. G. Billings of Santa Barbara; Friar Rock and Disguise, noted thoroughbreds owned by J. H. Rossiter of San Francisco, and Chapqua Jr., property of Thomas Mangan of Stockton, as these horses are insured for more than a quarter of a million dollars and the insurance companies will take no chances on their being penned in should a fire occur during the show.

By way of illustrating the volume of milk given by California Grel, the world's record milk goat owned by the University of California, 1471 quart bottles of milk will be banked up about her pen at the California International Live Stock Show to give an idea of the amount of milk she produces in a year.

The night horse show will attract the entered list of entries for high class saddle horses, cavalry mounts and drafters under harness that has ever been staged at a California exposition of horses. Something new in horse stunts will be on the program every night, according to Roy M. Pike, chairman of the horse show committee.

New Telephones Installed Since Last Publication.

Please cut this list and paste it in your telephone book.
Green 26 Atterbury, Mrs. Sheldon, 127 N. Lima St.
Blue 126, Balaine, Mrs. B. E. 158 E. Alegria St.
Green 1, Belt, Mrs. M. J. 375 W. Grand View Ave.
Blue 11, Davis, Mrs. E. Wood, 47 Bonita Ave.
Green 37, Gleetzner, A., 227 S. Baldwin Ave.
Blue 28, Greissinger, F. C., 136 W. Carter Ave.
Green 45, Groeger, Mrs. Mae, 172 1-2 N. Lima.
Blue 8, Hammerstrom & Davis, Garage, 23 E. Central Ave.
Black 107, Hulse, R. W. 238 Auburn Ave.
Green 39, Hongo, Y. 146 N. Canyon Ave.
Red 30, Lampert, B. 82 W. Alegria street.
Blue 81, Mattison, H. A. 201 W. Carter Ave.
Blue 83, McCaron, B. O. 213 W. Hermosa St.
Green 121, McFadden, R. J. 108 E. Grand View Ave.
Red 96, Miller, Dr. F. T. 305 Manzanita Ave.
Black 45, Pederson, S. M. 224 N. Lima street.
Red 79 Peterson, G. A., Painter, 73 Suffolk.
Blue 96, Rice, R. F. 592 Manzanita Ave.
Green 124, Small, Dr. Anna, 354 Sycamore Place.
Blue 78, Smith, Frank Monroes, 602 Mariposa St.
Red 17, Timberlake, T. C. 449 W. Mariposa St.
Red 56, Wark, Edith, 367 N. Adams.
CHANGE IN NUMBER.
Blue 45, Munro, Mrs. D. Changed to Green 15, 192 N. Baldwin Ave.

The new directory will be out about the middle of November. Any-one wishing to make a change in the listing of names please notify us at once.

Sierra Madre Tel. & Tel. Co.

A SOIL SURVEY MAP

The United States Government has recently issued a valuable publication of 56 pages, including a large map in colors, entitled "Soil Survey of the Pasadena Area," which includes all of Los Angeles county from Pasadena to Pomona. Any person interested may secure a copy by writing to Congressman Charles H. Randall at Washington, D. C.

BURGLARS.

The residence of F. E. D. Moote was entered by thieves Wednesday evening while the family was in Los Angeles and valuables amounting to over a hundred dollars were taken.

Entrance was made thru a window by means of a "jimmy" and it is believed to be the work of professionals.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

R. H. MACKERRAS, M. D.
Sierra Madre Office 138 W. Central
Hours: Mon. Wed. and Fri. 10:30 to 11:30 by appointment. Phone Main 53 or Green 57.
Pasadena Office, Central Building. Phone Colo. 334. Res. Phone Colo. 1191.

LLOYD L. KREBS, M. D.
Sierra Madre Office, 4 N. Baldwin. Tues., Thurs., Sat.—11to 12:30. Phone Main 60.
Pasadena Office, 461 E. Colorado. Phone, Colo. 630
Residence, 415 Oak Lawn, So. Pasadena. Phone, Fair Oaks 584

GEO. W. GROTH, D.O., M.D.
Office at
Sierra Madre Hospital
122 N. Baldwin Ave.
Resident Physician and Surgeon.
Calls answered day or night. Office Phone Blue 144; Res. Blue 73.

MAY JANET CULBERTSON, D. O.
Osteopathic Physician
Hours by Appointment.
Office and Residence,
193 West Central Ave.
Phone, Blue 36.

ALLEN T. GAY
Funeral Director
Phone Main 93. 201 West Central Avenue, Sierra Madre, Cal.

Mount. Wilson Coffee Parlor

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GOOD DENTAL WORK.

Examinations Free.

Crowns 5.00 up
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Fillings 1.00 up
Plates as low as 8.00

Dr. Rockfellow
Kinney-Kendall Bld
Entrance No. 15 N. Raymond
Fair Oaks, 543.
Pasadena, California.

DON'T WASTE ANYTHING We Buy everything.

Highest Prices Paid
for Second-hand Furniture,
Clothing, Stoves,
Papers, Magazines, Etc.
Specila attention to
Moving and Hauling Jobs.

B. LAMPERT,
Phone Red 30. 82 W. Alegria St

FIRST TO JOIN.

The first organization to join the Red Cross Roll Call in a body was the Ancient Priscillas.

BENEFIT CONCERT GOOD

The benefit concert at the Woman's Club House last Monday night was good and deserved better patronage from our people. Only about fifty attended, which netted the memorial fund \$12.00 instead of one hundred as was hoped.

TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE

Little Caroline Gilbert, while playing at school Wednesday morning, fell and broke her left arm in the same place it was broken in a similar accident some two months ago.

JUST PURE RED CLOVER

Harper's Solid Extract of Red Clover (not a patent medicine) prevents the flu, cleanses the blood, restores convalescents and builds up the system. Recommended and sold by F. H. Hartman & San, druggists. adv.

The News wants all of the home news and will appreciate items that come in over the phone.

The NEWS - Job Printing

*Drives the chills from
the morning shave*

A good oil heater filled with Pearl Oil gives instant heat when and where needed. No smoke, no odor. Easy to carry about. Oil is consumed only when the heat is needed—no waste.

Pearl Oil is refined and re-refined by our special process which makes it clean burning. For sale, in bulk by dealers everywhere,—the same high-quality kerosene as the Pearl Oil sold in five-gallon cans. There is a saving by buying in bulk. Order by name—Pearl Oil.

We recommend Perfection Oil Heaters

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PEARL OIL
(KEROSENE)
HEAT AND LIGHT

O. R. GOOD, SPECIAL AGT. STANDARD OIL CO., MONROVIA, CAL.